







BARON STIEGEL.

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PREFACE.

"BARON STIEGEL" was written in the hope that, in these days, when the attainment of riches and fame are held up as the highest ideals of a truly successful life, it might be seen that God intends life on earth to be the avenue which ends at the gate of heaven. The story insists that virtue is the strength and beauty of the soul, and Christian character the highest attainment.

It emphasizes that failure in business and the loss of fortune do not necessarily make life a failure. Its aim is to show that

"'Tis only noble to be good,"

and that

"Kind hearts are more than coronets

And simple faith than Norman blood."

"Baron Stiegel" is a historical tale. The outline of the story follows the historical account of Stiegel's career. It is true that history and tradition both assert that Stiegel was twice married; but, for reasons of our own, our "Baron Stiegel" marries only once. Conjugal love is unlike friendship, in that it cannot fix itself upon more than one object at a time; but, like friendship, in that it must have an object all the time, at least so say some; but we could not bear to think that our "Baron Stiegel" should twice wed.

History and tradition both say that Baron Stiegel started in business anew after his imprisonment. Our "Baron Stiegel," after his imprisonment, devotes himself to the highest calling in the gift of man and of God, and so does not enter into the work again in which he had spent most of his life. With this exception and that of his re-marriage, our "Baron Stiegel" follows the real account of the life of Baron Stiegel.

Our "Baron Stiegel" is, therefore, not a novel in the real sense of the term, but a biography, in which the imagination of the writer (in the absence of the Baron's diary and a full account of his life) supplies all detail.

With these introductory words we are willing to send "Baron Stiegel" out, a drop in the vast ocean of literature, in the hope that he may not be engulfed in the maelstrom; but be taken up by many with expectation and pursued to the end with profit.

THE AUTHOR.

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BARON STIEGEL.

CHAPTER I.

AN IMMIGRANT.

ONE evening in the latter part of July, 1750, a vessel, which in those early days was considered a very fine ship, was lazily borne through the Delaware Breakwater, on its way to Philadelphia, by the incoming tide. The vessel had four masts, fore and main top sails, and topgallant sails, all of which were neatly furled now, inasmuch as the seabreeze had ceased to blow and its more gentle companion, the land-breeze, had not yet even begun to kiss the quiet waters into gentle ripples. This vessel, the "Nancy," from Rotterdam, had guns in broadsides as well as one in the bow and another in the stern. It is true, the nations of Europe were just then at peace with each other, under the spell of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, which had been ratified two years before, yet nearly all vessels carried armament.

The voyage of the "Nancy" had been short
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when compared with voyages in those days. It was the season of the year when the wind breathes softly on the waters of the ocean, scarce stirring them into ripples. The sun had shone from a cloudless sky for almost every day of the more than four weeks' voyage, so that our ship had as little use for her lifeboats as she had for her guns.

It is not in the vessel herself that we are interested. In fact, we would not have called attention either to the ship or to this particular voyage, or her approach to what was then already the first city of the Colonies, were it not that we are interested in one of the little company of passengers, on board at this particular time. This passenger, at the time the vessel was lazily borne through the Narrows, by the incoming tide, is standing at the prow of the ship, eagerly looking toward the shore of what to him was an entirely new world, a world which he was not about to visit for a brief season; but a world which was to be his home for the remainder of his life. No wonder, therefore, that he gazed eagerly toward the new and strange scenes before him. The light blue eyes, and flaxen hair curling gracefully around his wide forehead, make it easy to determine his nationality. Although he has sailed from Rotterdam, in the Netherlands, his home from his earliest youth has been in the beautiful little city of Mannheim, Germany. His features are regular, his lips are thin, and when closed form but a red line under his sharp nose. By this description we do not wish to intimate that the young man had what the great English poet is pleased to call a "February face, so full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness," but you, kind reader, may as well know now, in this introduction, that our friend had a will of his own, a hot temper, which had frequently broken the barriers set up by good resolutions.

Outside of the fact that the features mentioned proclaimed their possessor's having a mind and will of his own, the face had no story to tell. It indicated a history neither romantic nor prosaic. The reason this face had no story to tell is because the soul mirrored therein had as yet experienced few of the trials and heartaches, the disappointments and sorrows which bring hard lines and pinched features. Whilst this is all true concerning the face of our young immigrant, we must admit that no life which has existed twenty-three years in this world, as had this one, is wholly without the effects of the scenes through which it has passed, stamped in the lineaments of the countenance. Then, too, this face reflected, as do all faces, some of the distinguishing characteristics of its ancestors. This face bore evidences of belonging to a long line of noble and intelligent ancestors. Some men are called noblemen, but their lives give very little evidence of true nobility, and their children bear all the stains of the sins of the parents; but this man's ancestors were noble both in name and character.

In determining the character of a man, we must know something of the religion of his ancestry. There is nothing in all this world which can make up for the lack of pious home-training. The Christian parent wins the heart of his child for God when he, day by day, leads him to the family altar, and teaches him his dependence upon God. This young man had a large fortune, as we shall presently see; but by far his greatest wealth lay in his Christian ancestry, which had implanted the fear of God in his own heart, in his earliest youth. He belonged to a family which had embraced the Lutheran faith before our friend was born. cost them not a little to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and for this reason they prized their faith very highly.

The young man himself scarcely realized what his forefathers had paid for the privilege he was now enjoying, although he did know something of the horrors of war. Though he was no more than ten years of age when the Austrian War broke out, he was old enough to see and appreciate its devastation and horrors. He little thought that day, as he was approaching his new world, that ere many years a nation would be born therein which would outstrip his Fatherland in almost every element of true greatness. In the life of nations and individuals God has seen best to let the years unfold all their strange and stirring history.

In every life the three great factors in the production of character are the home, the age, and the country of a man's birth. We have already seen that our friend was born in a Christian home, and in a land and in an age when and where God in His providence had laid the foundation of a new and grand development. If our friend had remained in the land of his birth, surrounded by the influences which had gained an imperishable hold upon him, it would have been comparatively easy to predict his future; but in a new world, under new and strange influences, even these early impressions might, to some degree, fade in the trying light of his new surroundings. He himself could scarcely comprehend that he was entering a veritably New World-new from the fact that it was the last discovered, and until recently unsettled; new, because its great forests and mighty treeless plains were still untrodden in all their vastness; new, because the rich treasures hidden away in its mines, treasures which were to revise the Old World's commerce, yea, its very life, were unknown; new, because it was already becoming an asylum for the persecuted and the oppressed of the Old World. Because all this was true, we may not be able to illumine the life-path which our friend is about to enter, so that we can read all its glory or its trials in store for him who still stands, in this the opening chapter of our narrative, on board the "Nancy," at her entrance into port. Be this as it may, we will predict, in the language of the illustrious apostle to the Gentiles, that our friend, in this New World, will often be "in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils from his own countrymen, in perils from the Gentiles (Indians), in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." This we predict, although we know that his life will not be so noble, nor will his impression upon the ages be so deep, so powerful, in any one respect, as has been the life of the illustrious apostle from whose writings we have just quoted. Whilst we admit all this, we nevertheless insist that his life is truly worthy of a place among the pioneers, the patriots, and the pious.

CHAPTER II.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

Our young friend was soon safely landed in Philadelphia. There was not, in those days, the long line of coaches, the jingle of bells, the scream of whistles, and the hoarse cries of men shouting the names of hotels, which now inundate the ears of the arrival in the City of Brotherly Love, whether he comes by land or by sea. In those days there were no surging streams of humanity, and no long lines of street cars, drays, coaches, hansoms, and what not, that now intercept the way of the traveler. The young immigrant was soon safely established in comfortable quarters. In those early days no custom-house officer boarded the incoming vessel when it was still far from its pier, to compel every passenger to declare that he had or had not anything dutiable, and then, before he could leave the pier, subject all his baggage to a rigid examination. It has always been a question in our mind why the United States government pays these men to board ships and get the affidavits of passengers,

and then, as soon as those passengers come on shore, pay no attention whatever to what the passengers a few moments before had affirmed.

Our friend had letters of introduction to several of the most prominent families in the city, and it was not many days before he presented himself at their homes. It is needless to say that they received him cordially. Already, in those early days, the poorest who came to the New World were deprived of the little property they possessed, where that was possible, and they themselves enslaved to serve weary years to earn their passage money. This form of slavery has now been changed into another which is just as oppressive. We refer to the thousands who enter the sweat-shops of our great cities, glad to work, fourteen and more hours per day, in order that they may earn enough to keep body and soul together. Of those who were sold for their passage money, in those early days, many in a few years became their own masters, and soon acquired land which made them and their posterity rich.

We have said our friend was well received wherever he introduced himself. It was because the people of Philadelphia were more hospitable in those days than they are now, and because of the nature of the letters this man presented. His newly made friends feasted him in their homes, and showed him about the young giant of the New World with a becoming pride. "This," said they, "is, and always will be, the metropolis of this Western world."

It is true, the growth of the town had been marvelous. In 1683 it contained only a few houses—three or four. In two years afterward, it had already 600 houses, and, in one year more, it had outgrown its older sister, New York. At the time our friend arrived in Philadelphia, it still was the great seaport of America; but it was not long before it was compelled to yield the palm to its more favorably situated neighbor.

Our friend also had letters of introduction to representative families in the latter city. It was only a few months, therefore, after his arrival, until he planned to go to visit the fat old Dutch burghers to whom he had the letters of introduction. In those days people went from Philadelphia to New York in the heavy lumbering stage-coach. It required two days to make the journey, which is now made, with incomparably more ease and comfort, in two hours. We wish we could here introduce a hair-breadth escape from the Redman's tomahawk or the highwayman's blunderbuss. Adventures such as these will, no doubt, come to our friend, again

and again, in his life in the wilds of America, but they did not come to him in this journey. The Redman seldom gave the passengers on the stagecoaches between the two cities any trouble. The civilization of the country had scarcely advanced far enough at that early period to afford the luxury of the well-armed and systematic highwayman of the Old World.

Edward Moore, who wrote in England in 1753 of the danger attending a stage-coach journey in those days, says: "It required as much courage for a journey from London to Bath as in the march from Carlisle to Cullodon." He makes us believe that the highwayman was an institution especially connected with the stage-coach. Knight tells us, in his History of England, that even at that early period he had been growing in power for many "He was in his most high and palmy state when Fielding had ceased to write and George III. began to reign. In 1761 the flying highwayman 'engrosses the conversation of most of the towns within twenty miles of London. He robs upon three different horses, a gray, a sorrel, and a black one. He has leaped over Colnbrook Turnpike a dozen times within this fortnight'" (History of England, Vol. 6, p. 393).

Everything is done on a bigger scale in these

opening days of the twentieth century than it was in the eighteenth. There are few first-class robbers who are content to waylay the stage-coach unless they are getting rusty for want of bigger jobs, or are assured beforehand that there is large booty to be had. The flying express train, with its hundreds and thousands, alone satisfies the ambition of the modern robber. Our friend did not suffer at the hands of any highwayman, as we have already asserted. In due time he arrived in New York.

We will not attempt to describe the city of those early days. Suffice it to say, that if any of the fat old Dutch burghers who were, the day our friend arrived, lounging on the corners, could return to-day to the great metropolis, they would not know the old localities. The very soil upon which they trod lies buried many feet beneath the surface of the ground upon which the modern city stands. The alluvial sand beds, the marshes, and ponds which covered the southern part of the island have all disappeared. What was once the site of the "Collect Pond," into which the filth of New York was drained, is now a collect pond of a different sort. The grim old Tombs Prison, which stands on the site of the "Collect Pond," has for many years been the receptacle for the moral filth of the city. Nor does that filth always flow from the lower stratas of society. It often comes from the mansion instead of the hovel. Like all filth, it is just as obnoxious when it comes from the upper strata as when it comes from the slums.

In those early days there was nothing in the architecture of either Philadelphia or New York which was very different from corresponding cities of the Old World. The houses were frame, with the exception of the one gable which faced the street. That was of small yellow or black brick, imported from Holland. The date and the name of the person who erected the building was put into this gable, in the most ornate manner.

It did not take our friend long to see New York, and to make up his mind that he preferred Philadelphia for his home. We do not know what were the reasons for this preference. It may be that he had already formed friendships in the City of Brotherly Love, or that he had already concluded that he would be able to make better investments there. Be this as it may, it was only two short months until Baron Stiegel (for such the illustrious personage of whom we write all this actually is) was ready to return to the city upon whose streets he first trod on his arrival in this country.

The journey back to Philadelphia was as uneventful as the one to New York had been. On his arrival at Germantown he for the first time looked into the face of a man whom he had known in the Old World. What is more, this man was from Stiegel's native city. To look into the face of almost anyone whom Stiegel had known in his own home would have been a welcome sight in this strange land; but a look at this face was anything but welcome. Had this face belonged to a fierce highwayman, known and dreaded throughout the whole colony of Penn, had the owner of this face sought the gold of Stiegel, with a murderous dirk uplifted to strike at the heart, it would not have caused him half the consternation which one glance at this face caused him.

Bulwer-Lytton says: "Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky indeed if he has not one too many." Baron Stiegel had few enemies; but of all he had, this man was his most lasting, his bitterest, and, as we shall see throughout this narrative, his most hurtful. It does not become us here to state how this enemy had been made, what strange providence had brought him to Germantown before Baron Stiegel himself arrived there. That he was there was not to be mistaken by Stiegel. He had looked into his face, and his enemy had recognized him. The

enemy had allowed his eyes to wander in a careless and listless manner over the little company of passengers, as the stage rolled up to the hotel; but when his eyes caught sight of Stiegel, the latter saw him start, then look away, as if he hoped that he might not be recognized by Stiegel. Then, after this startled look into vacancy, Stiegel saw him give another more searching look which amounted to a stare. As he looked the Baron saw his eyebrows knit and his lips tightly compress. He then turned upon his heel and walked slowly to the other side of the house.

Baron Stiegel was not an expert student of character, but he saw in the countenance of his enemy that a resolution had been formed in his heart which was not by any means to add to the happiness of the Baron's life. Our friend did not think as seriously in those days as he was led to think a few months afterward; but he could not help asking himself what strange destiny was pursuing him in the presence of this man in the land of his adoption. He did not particularly fear this man, but he knew enough of him to believe that from henceforth he was to have a presence hovering near him which would perhaps try to strike him to the earth, or, what was more probable, try to distill poison into his cup of happiness at every op-

portunity, and thwart all his plans for a truly successful career. Baron Stiegel knew his danger in this enemy, and he would have bought him with his gold had that been possible.

Baron Stiegel stopped at the principal inn in the city. At present the high-gabled little stone structure where the Baron lodged would attract few guests, and those would not be the rich and influential; but it was different in the latter half of the eighteenth century. This building then was the largest public house in the city. Its landlord and landlady, being childless, sober, and industrious, as well as strictly honest, were ever interested in their guests. It did not take them long to know their guests, and those whom they considered deserving they treated as friends, rather than as guests.

In those days of peace and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness found a home in the breast of every Quaker in the City of Brotherly Love. They vied with their Dutch neighbors in keeping things clean. The great parlor, which occupied the whole of the second floor, was open to permanent guests only, who had already given proof of their worthiness to enter this sanctum sanctorum. When there were no such guests, it was difficult to imagine of what earthly use the great room was outside of

being held in readiness for the next permanent boarder and for the lady of the house to spend her spare time in hunting for spiders and for the slightest speck of dirt. Only once a week was the parlor entered in the absence of the guests mentioned, and then only by the landlady and her most trusted maid, when she had more than one maid, which was scarcely ever the case. On such occasions the shoes of the cleaners were left at the door, lest they should bring more dirt than they removed. This custom has not entirely died out among our thrifty Pennsylvania German housewives. There are still many parlors into which the daughters of the home bring even their most favorite gentleman callers with hesitancy. By far the greatest part of the first story of our largest farm-houses is closed to everybody during the whole week. The family and their help cook and eat in a little out-house so as to be able to keep the main house clean!

In the hotel of which we are speaking, and in nearly all buildings of the period, there was one room which was open to everybody. This was the large dining-room, with its great open fireplace. In this room all the guests, as well as the proprietor and his household, gathered. Here Baron Stiegel had many happy hours during the first winter of his residence in America. It was in the dining-room

of the hotel that the Baron recounted some of his own adventures to his friends, the landlord and his wife; for be it known right here that the Baron spent the first two years of his stay in the New World in traveling about in search of suitable places for the profitable investment of the great wealth which he possessed.

CHAPTER III.

THE JOURNEY INTERRUPTED.

WE have seen that Baron Stiegel landed in Philadelphia in 1750. Less than four years after his arrival in the New World the first volley of the French and Indian War went flying on its mission of death. It marked the beginning of a new era for the inhabitants of what was once Penn's Woods. From henceforth they were to realize the horrors of Indian warfare from which two generations had been spared. It is true that, because of the treaty into which the Indian nations of the whole of Eastern Pennsylvania had entered three-quarters of a century before the French and Indian War, no blood had been shed in Indian warfare. The famous Quaker had said: "Between us there shall be nothing but openness and love." To this the chiefs replied: "While the rivers run and the sun shines we will live in peace with the children of William Penn." The old chiefs were now long since dead. The generation following did not forget the vows of their fathers; but times and men had changed, and the blood of many a white man was shed by the Redman's scalping knife in the territory of Pennsylvania during the French and Indian War. The fierce war-whoop was heard on both sides of the Schuylkill as well as of the Susquehanna. Whole families were butchered, plantations were laid waste, buildings burned, and the fruit of many years' hard toil destroyed, and the hopes of a generation blasted. We who enjoy the results of those years of anxious and bloody war, in which the very existence of the English and German settlers on this American Continent was in jeopardy, can little realize what our forefathers endured.

It was at the beginning of these troublous times that Baron Stiegel began that series of excursions into the country between the Delaware and the Susquehanna which finally resulted in the investment of all the wealth he possessed. In these excursions he was always accompanied by a well-armed retinue, but, even with this precaution, many of his journeys were made at the imminent peril of his life. In order that the reader may realize that we are not exaggerating, we append an abstract of an order sent from what is now the city of Easton by Governor Demmy to Colonel Armstrong.

It is an exact transcription from the Colonial Records, and is as follows:

Easton, Nov. —, 1756.

SIR,

I have received accounts of Murders committed by Parties of Indians all along the Front of Berks Co., from Manda Gap to the line of Northampton Co., and by their dress, part of which is red hats and Red Blankets, it is supposed that these murderous Indians came from the Ohio. As they may now or will in a little time be returning, they may be intercepted, their Prisoners, scalps and Plunder taken from them, and they destroyed. I therefore order you to send such Forces under your command as will be the most likely to meet with them in their return. . . . Let me know what you do in consequence of this Letter; the last mischief was done on Saturday at the East end of Berks Co., on the line of Northampton Co.

With this introduction the reader is now prepared to credit the account of the experience of Stiegel and his party on one of their trips into the interior. Let us begin, therefore, by saying that it was in the month of October of 1751 that Baron Stiegel, with a good escort, left the streets of Philadelphia for an extended journey West. He had not been idle for the more than twelve months since his arrival in the New World. He had learned the customs of the country. He had even studied the English language, and had become pro-

ficient in reading and writing it. He now felt himself fully able to begin his business career. He had heard of valuable deposits of iron ore, and of several furnaces already in operation, in Lancaster County, and he resolved to see for himself.

To one reared in the crowded cities of the Old World, in a country where timber for ages already has been scarce, and where the forests, that are still to be seen, are forbidden territory, because they are the private parks and hunting grounds of the nobility, the boundless woods of Penn were a neverfailing source of wonder and admiration. The deep dark green of oak and chestnut, pine and spruce, whilst their labyrinthian maze filled the soul with a sense of loneliness and dread, also possessed charming beauty, cooling shadows, fragrant bowers filled with life-giving ozone.

In their depths the rising and setting suns, with their long pencils of silvery or golden light broken a thousand times as they pierced their way through the maze of trunks and bough and foliage, filled the soul of the traveler with sensations of the weird, as well as the beautiful and the sublime, as he emerged out of one shaded depth to be lost in another, or perhaps to step into a clearing (for nature herself had her clearings before the woodman's axe disturbed the giants of the forest, or devastating fires, kindled by the hand of man, choked in patches the life of the woods), whose dazzling light conveyed the cheering news that the sun had not left the day to twilight alternated with ebon night.

Baron Stiegel had received all the culture which the best of schools could give. In addition to this he possessed a deeply religious and poetic nature. It is no wonder, therefore, that the forest scenes of America charmed him. His soul drank deeply at the virgin fountains the draught which he could not have received from nature's hand in a land where art has dispossessed her of her charms.

There were roads in those early days leading from Philadelphia to the settlements which had been planted in the forests of Penn. Most of these settlements were made near the larger towns, Lancaster, Reading, York, and others. The early settlers felt safer in the vicinity of towns. Besides this feeling of safety there was the assurance of near markets for the produce which nature brought forth at their bidding in great abundance. The colony of Penn was peculiarly favorable to the early settlers. Its founder had purchased from the Indians not only the broad acres which they had never tilled, but also their good-will. Then, too, Pennsylvania possessed rich soil, and a climate which was a delightful medium between the rigorous

winters of New England and the continuous warm of Virginia and Georgia. For these reasons peace and prosperity smiled upon the sturdy yeoman of the rich valleys of Pennsylvania for more than three-fourths of a century after the famous treaty by Penn. But we have already seen that perilous times were now in store for the hitherto quiet settlements.

On the particular journey of Stiegel, the events of which we are about to narrate in this chapter, he and his escort followed the road leading from Philadelphia to Lancaster. Over this road the merchandise and produce which prospered both city and hamlet had passed for the last fifty years in ever-increasing quantities. It was considered both safe and pleasant. No doubt if our friends had confined their journey to this road they would have had none of the dire experiences here recorded. They were not satisfied after having spent a day in Lancaster. They heard of the rich soil of the valley which they had left further east in this very journey; they, therefore, resolved to push across the mountains, whose green summits were indistinctly visible in the distance, and enter the rich valley on the other side.

They took with them an additional guide from the vicinity of Lancaster. This was none other than a trusted Indian who was thoroughly familiar with the country for many miles. The distance between Lancaster and the Lebanon Valley could easily be traversed in a day, even when we take into consideration that, from the beginning of the hills into the valley beyond, the road was a mere trail. It was already past noon when our travelers gained their first view of what is now the gardenspot of the Lebanon Valley. Now the smoke of Lebanon's industries floats heavenward. Then our travelers beheld only a little clearing in the primeval forest. As far as the eye could reach they beheld an almost unbroken expanse of green treetops, which at a distance looked like a vast ocean, stilled as if in expectation of the oncoming tide of industry which now fills the valley.

As they were gazing spellbound with the view, other eyes than theirs were also looking, but the centre of their attraction was the observer and not what they observed. When at last the Baron and his party were done feasting their eyes on the scene before them, they began to descend the mountain. They had not gone far before they were met by two old Indians. The member of the tribe of Conestogas whom our friends had with them could understand the strangers little better than the Baron and the rest of his party, who did not understand them at all. They at first pretended to know

the country well, and offered to guide our friends to the next settlement, but, when they learned that this ruse would not work, they asked for rum and tobacco. Stiegel and his party had not much of either, but what they had they reluctantly shared. Then the old men disappeared into the depths of the forest.

The Indian who was with our friends told Stiegel that he feared that these Redmen belonged to a party of marauders and murderers, and that he himself would not vouch for their safe return to the settlement. He advised them to press forward at all hazards, but Baron Stiegel insisted that they should pause to rest their animals and refresh themselves with some provisions and coffee which they had brought with them. The Indian guide thereupon pre-emptorily refused to go with them any further. Whilst they were at their repast they discovered that he was no longer with them. They were not disturbed by his strange action, but felt that they would be able to find their way into the valley without a guide. Whilst they were quietly discussing the situation they were suddenly surrounded by a band of Indians. The white men had carelessly stacked their arms at a tree, so that they were almost unarmed with the exception of their knives; but even if they would have had their guns, they would have proven their destruction rather than their safety. It is always a calamity to fall into the hands of an enemy, but it is doubly so when that enemy is dead to the noblest feelings of the heart, and more savage and cunning than the wild beast of the forest. Stiegel did not at first recognize the danger of his situation, nor did he credit the stories which he had heard of the cold-blooded savagery of these wild men of North America.

Our friends made no resistance, because they realized that they were in the forest, miles away from any white men, and that the savages numbered three times as many as they. They tried to barter their watches, tobacco, knives, coats, in fact everything they could spare, for their liberty, but these articles were no sooner offered than they were seized by the savages, without restoring those to whom they belonged to liberty. The captives' hands were bound behind them with deer-skin sinews. The Indians mounted the horses, the chief choosing that of the Baron for himself. The unmounted Indians and the prisoners then took up their march in front of those on horseback. They marched toward the setting sun, keeping well in the depth of the forest. They were compelled to march at a gait painfully rapid. When they lagged

in the least they were threatened with the tomahawk and the scalping knife. These were powerful incentives to the prisoners to keep up their gait and their strength. When evening came, and the last rays of the autumn sun darted among the giants of the forest, our friends were further in the wilderness than they had been in the early afternoon when they were deserted by their guide. It was evident to the prisoners that their captors were anxious to reach the banks of the Susquehanna, and more anxious to avoid all white settlements. They had some booty, but no prisoners besides the Baron and his party. They were evidently a part of a larger band of savages whom they might meet at any moment.

When the Indians finally halted, they ate all the food which the white men had remaining, and gave the prisoners some parched corn—the first the Baron had ever tasted; but, hunger being the mother of a good appetite, it tasted quite well. Whilst they ate the prisoners were unbound, but when the meal was over the cruel thongs were tightly drawn, and, what was worse, their feet were also bound, and in a sitting posture they were lashed to trees. All the Indians then threw themselves on the ground and were soon fast asleep, with one exception. To this one the guarding of

the prisoners was evidently assigned. This fellow, although he did not stir from his position, seemed lynx-eyed. In this unhappy condition we must leave our friends for the present. It is safe to say that never in all their lives were they more miserable. Never did death attended by horrible tortures seem more imminent.

CHAPTER IV.

A PLOT.

It is characteristic of the wicked to plot mischief. They can nearly always invent a good excuse for their evil undertakings. Either they do it from a spirit of revenge, or they imagine necessity compels them to do evil. Their lot has fallen among men more wicked than themselves, and they must take care of their own interests. This is the excuse the Nihilist of to-day gives for his evil designs and practices. The truth of the matter is, the wicked "eat the bread of wickedness and drink the wine of violence," because they love it, and not because they are compelled by the force of circumstances.

Such being the nature of evil-doers, it is easy to account for the fact that at the same time that Baron Stiegel and his companions were in the hands of savages, and momentarily awaiting death, there were gathered in a house on the most disreputable street in Philadelphia six men. Everyone of these men held between his teeth the stem of a long Dutch pipe, from the bowl of which issued an occasional whiff of smoke when the worthy who

held the mouth-piece was so busily engaged in conversation that he did not find time to draw on the pipe. Upon the table around which the men were gathered there were several bottles of rum in various states of depletion. It would have been better even in the plans for robbery and murder if these men had been without the influence of drink, for the man who is under the power of drink will attempt deeds of madness which in his sober moments he would consider unwise to hazard. Drunkenness may "disclose secrets, ratify hopes, and urge the unarmed to battle," but it also defeats armies and makes void the possibility of conceiving rational plans for the works of darkness.

These six men to which we refer are scarcely worthy of a description. Suffice to say that some are old in crime and vice; others have just begun to tread the road which has but one ending for all who walk therein. At least one of the six has already lain in wait for the belated traveler upon the streets of the Old World, and on one occasion dyed his steel in the life-blood of his victim. To escape the gallows he left his native land in the guise of a sailor, but at the end of his first voyage he has seen fit to abandon the sea. In the two years of his sojourn in the New World he has not yet been able to follow his old life to his fullest satisfaction.

A few dollars have time and again found their way from the pockets of honest people into his possession, but he has not thus far given his evil nature its full swing. As the snail leaves the disagreeable evidences of its presence wherever it drags its slimy lengths, so this man has corrupted the lives of all who have permitted his associations for any length of time. His conscience, though seared, has time and again awakened him from his ease, but, like all unrepentant evil-doers, he has lulled it to sleep by various excuses and sensual gratifications.

Another of these worthies, the leader and chief spokesman on the present occasion, has become the boon companion of the murderer to whom we have just referred. He is now seeking to outdo his teacher and companion. In addition to his love for evil deeds, he is now persuading himself that he can glut a fierce revenge which with its blear eyes and skeleton hands is beckoning him on to a satiety which can only be found, he well knows, in the ruin, if not murder, of the man he hates. He has been driven to this hatred, he tries to persuade himself, by the conduct of the man who was, even at the moment of this meeting and planning for revenge, less in dread of old enemies than of the cruel foe at whose hands he was momentarily awaiting the most horrible of deaths.

After some moments of silence, during which the men were taking constant draughts of both pipe and bottles, this man, who was trying to imagine himself a just nemesis, addressed his companions by way of assurance for their co-operation in the plans they had been laying by saying, "Ich kann mich auf euch verlassen?" (I can depend upon you?)

The others in chorus replied, "Gewisz." (Certainly.)

We will not burden our readers with the conversation which had preceded the answer just given to the question of the leader. Suffice to say that the man against whom they had been plotting was none other than the chief of the prisoners bound to the trees by savage tormentors. Perhaps if the men addressed had known that Stiegel was even then in such peril they would have been glad. Perhaps even the leader would have been satisfied.

The man who was trying to excuse his deviltry, on the plea of gratifying what he considered a just revenge, had carefully selected his men from among their brethren in evil, and had invited them to his quarters. He had furnished them with tobacco and rum, and when their spirits had been sufficiently fired with the spirits from the bottles, he prepared them for his plans by telling them how hard they had toiled in America ever since their arrival, and how

they had nothing to show for their work. Others had not worked near so hard and had already laid the foundation for large fortunes. Was it right that some men should be servants all their lives, whilst others rolled in wealth? Thus gradually he had prepared them for the business he had in hand for them. Baron Stiegel, he said, was one of those men who had come to America for the avowed purpose of becoming rich, and of defrauding those whom he owed on the other side of the waters. Why not waylay him on one of his tours about the country, and rob him of the money which he felt sure the Baron always carried? It did not belong to him any more than it would to them after they should secure it. These excursions into the vast uninhabited regions were to be frequent, he had learned from a man who was in the employ of the person from whom Stiegel hired his horses. If they could not succeed at one time, they might at another. He persuaded himself that he could wait for his revenge until the most favorable time.

Our readers by this time infer who this worthy plunderer is. They know that it is none other than the man who first scowled at the Baron before he knew that he had a single enemy in the New World. He said they would mask themselves, and, if the slightest suspicion attached to them, they could

leave the colony after a fair division of the spoils. In his own mind he felt that he had sufficient excuse to kill the nobleman and all his escort, provided the occasion demanded it. To his companions, he said, the work could be done without much danger. At one of their camping places they could come suddenly upon the company, deprive them of the use of their weapons, and then, after the robbery, as suddenly leave them. He mocked their fears, and smiled with scorn when his fellows objected that they would necessarily run big risks. Thus he, being himself a coward, illustrated the truth of Shakespeare when he says:

"How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk?"

Bad as several of these men were, we repeat, Fritz would have had hard work to convince them of the safety and large returns from their contemplated deeds of violence, had he not furnished bottles as well as plans.

We shall see whether these plans were ever carried out—whether, in fact, the man upon whom Fritz wished to wreak his vengeance had not already passed beyond his power.

CHAPTER V.

FREEDOM.

WE have already seen that after the thongs of our friends were tightened and the additional precaution taken of tying them to trees so as to prevent their escape, the savages all smoked their pipes for a little while, and then one by one dropped off into sound sleep. One savage alone remained wide awake; but he, though lynx-eyed, seemed to use his ears more than his eyes in the discharge of his duty as guard.

All was silent now. The bit of fire which the Indians had kindled immediately on their going into camp had been carefully extinguished, as if they feared that, even in the darkness of the night, the pillar of ascending smoke might guide some avenging nemesis to the spot. The pale moonlight, rifted by the interlacing branches of the trees, stole like spirit sentinels into the camp, and kissed both prisoners and sleeping savages so gently that even those who were kept awake by the cruel thongs that bound them scarcely perceived the pure white

light among the dark shadows. Out in a little clearing not far from the camp, the scene was almost as brilliant as day. To that open spot the eyes of the prisoners were directed more than once, as if they expected some friend to cross the open space and rush to their deliverance; or, perhaps, they hoped that the pure white light of the moon would change into some ministering spirit, to set them free and lead them forth into civilization. The night was still, save when the solemn quaver of an owl broke the awful silence. Evidently the savages thought they had taken all the precautions necessary to keep their prisoners; for they were now all sleeping heavily. Even the sentinel sat quietly. Only once did he rise and walk toward the place where the remainder of the spirits and tobacco of the travelers lay. He helped himself eagerly to the bottle, and then resumed his former place on the ground.

Though the body of the Baron was bound, his soul was free. Man, be he savage or free, has never yet invented fetters to bind the soul, unless the captive himself was willing to be thus bound. Memory, imagination, and reflection are as free as the affections, to go where and when they please. Whatever may have filled the thoughts of his fellow-prisoners, the Baron's thoughts went back to

his childhood home. Every unkind word he had ever spoken seemed now to come back to him in a flood-tide of bitterness. The sad yet majestic face of his old mother, framed in the white frill of her cap, looked upon him in his helplessness. It was impossible for him to avert his face from her quiet yet rebuking look. Again he heard her speak the very words she had uttered on the day he left for the New World: "Mein Sohn, eine Neue Welt kann Reichthum und Ehr bringen, aber sie kann niemals die Liebe noch den Schmertz der Alten verbergen." (My son, a New World may bring riches and honor, but she can never hide either the love or the sorrow of the Old.) Stiegel did not appreciate the force of his mother's remarks that day; but the full import of their meaning filled his soul now with a strange pain he had never felt before. He began to realize that, like the prodigal of old, he had made unjust demands upon his father that day when he asked him to give him the portion of his inheritance, in order that he might come to this far country from which it seemed impossible now ever to return to his father's house to confess his sin. Though he had not spent that substance in the service of sin, his spirit took up the prodigal's wail: "Father, I have sinned before heaven, and in thy sight." In the anguish of his soul he almost

cried aloud. He felt that although he would, in all probability, be unable to whisper his penitence into his earthly father's ear, his Father in heaven could hear his confession and record it in the book of His eternal remembrance.

This thought gave his surging soul relief. the tumult of his feelings, whilst tears of sorrow rolled down his cheeks, he realized that, as the prodigal's father had come out to meet him, so the forgiving love of his heavenly Father had come from His far-away throne of uncreated light, and was finding him there amid the silent shadows of the night. Even in his captivity, with death staring him in the face, he felt freer than ever in all his life before. All heaven was given him in that hour, because he entered the newer, richer life of the child of God. He realized that in that hour all heaven had rejoiced over him, because he had found his everlasting freedom. He forgot his physical condition. Even the thongs for the time being did not hurt him. How his freed spirit exulted in its new freedom!

How long this ecstasy would have continued before the suffering of his physical condition would have reasserted itself, we do not know. The full tide which surged through his soul had not yet begun to ebb before a form clad, as those who had

bound him to the tree, stepped into the moonlight, as noiselessly as the rays of the moon itself. As the form put its fingers slowly to its lips, in token of silence, Baron Stiegel, to his great joy, recognized it to be the Indian guide whom they had hired the day before, and who had so unceremoniously left them at their noon-day meal. Scarcely had this recognition taken place before the Indian glided behind the Baron, and almost immediately he felt his thongs relax. The deliverer next raised the Baron from his painful sitting posture. A single flourish of his knife and the thongs which bound his feet lay upon the ground. Without a word the Indian led him behind the tree, and motioned him to remain there until he could release the other captives. Everyone of them was awake, either because the painful condition of their positions prevented rest, or because they hoped against hope that a means of escape would be provided them. The fact that they were awake greatly facilitated the work of the friendly Indian. In a moment every prisoner was released. Each one was motioned to stand behind the tree to which he had been bound. After they were all upon their feet the guide stepped noiselessly into the forest and motioned them to follow. He walked slowly at first until the cramped limbs of the prisoners had

time to relax. Each moment he quickened his pace. He spoke not a word. He allowed none of the white men to catch up with him. Each time a twig snapped or one of the men stumbled with leaden foot he threw up a warning hand.

Finally he halted in the shadow of a big tree, which stood at the edge of a little open space. Against the trunk of the tree our friends beheld, to their amazement, all their guns and ammunition. It was the first time they had thought of their arms, so eager had they been to escape from the clutches of their savage captors. The guide, however had made these his first care. So silently and so stealthily had he come to the camp and secured the arms of the party that not even the wakeful captives had seen or heard him. He had carried them to this distant spot to avoid all noise, and to give the party time to get them, should they be pur-In the exultation of the moment the Baron took the hand of their liberator and passionately kissed it.

Though they were not two hundred rods from their sleeping foe, the Baron counseled his liberator to rest a few moments. The friendly Indian replied to this dangerous proposition with a grunt and at once plunged ahead, beckoning them to follow. Stiegel was too wise to disobey. He recalled that he had

on the previous noon disobeyed the Redman's counsel, and thus brought upon himself the danger and misery from which, he was compelled to admit, they had not yet fully freed themselves.

The guide did not retrace his steps toward Lancaster. He knew that, if they would be pursued at all by the hostile band of plunderers, they would hope to take them on their way to the town they had left twenty-four hours before. He knew that these Indians were acquainted with the French soldiers, because they had stacked the arms of their captives in true military style. He hoped that inasmuch as they were a band of marauders, either from Ohio or New York, and very little acquainted with the country through which they were traveling, they would consider it impracticable to pursue their escaped captives. Being a member of the Conestoga tribe, he was perfectly familiar with the country, and, therefore, knew that they could not be far from the Scotch-Irish settlement at Derry. Thither, therefore, they bent their steps with all haste. The Indian kept in advance, gliding serpent-like through the bushes. The sky above the trees to their right was already becoming mellowed with the dawn when they struck a well-beaten trail. Here the guide put his ears to the ground and listened long and anxiously. When he arose

there was an anxious look upon his face, and he at once began to retrace his steps over the way they had just come. There having been no path, the direction alone could be their guide. After they had gone for half a mile or so, he told them they would climb into trees and rest awhile. He said he feared they were pursued. Less than an hour would determine whether he was correct. It did not take our friends long to execute the wish of their guide. They were soon from ten to twenty feet from the ground. Their rifles were loaded and well primed, and the great stout limbs gave them a comfortable resting-place. If their foe should find them, they felt sure they would be able to give him a warm reception.

Here, kind reader, we must leave them for the present. They are free, it is true, but they are not yet safe from their foe. Before we turn from the events of this chapter, to get acquainted with other people and incidents, let us explain how the friendly Indian appeared at the moment he was most needed. When he left his charge, because Stiegel would not obey his request to start upon their journey at once, he did not by any means desert the party. He knew that the two old Indians were no friends, and that they had not seen the last of them. He was not near enough to witness their capture, be-

cause he well knew the danger of his situation, but he did see the prisoners as they filed on their march toward the setting sun. He had no time to summon help from either his own tribe or from the whites, both of whom were miles away. He followed the captors all the afternoon, and when at last they had all fallen asleep except the sentinel, and he had taken the last drop of spirits, our guide was inexpressibly happy. One fact in his favor was that the Indians had no dogs with them, else the release of the prisoners would not have been so easy, if it would have been at all possible.

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CHAPTER VI.

ELIZABETH.

EARLY in the first half of the eighteenth century iron ore was discovered in Eastern Pennsylvania, and brave men in quest of fortune, and for the purpose of developing the resources of the land of their adoption, began to mine and smelt iron ore. The first of these furnaces was built in Lancaster County. It was owned by a man by the name of Johann Huber. This Johann Huber was a pious, God-fearing man, and because of his integrity soon made friends with the Redmen around him. Having their friendship, his work prospered. He soon hired stone-masons who erected for him a brown sand-stone house, which at the time was the finest and the largest stone mansion for many miles Although the hands that placed the stones into position have already moldered with the dust for more than a century, their work has stood the test of time, and proves to men of their craft that the old masons understood their business.

It is in this house, and the little family which

first, and for years, occupied it, that we are interested at present. The furnace to which we have already alluded stood within a stone's throw of this stone mansion. Not far from the furnace were the forges in which in those early days were made the nails and the great, long wrought-iron hinges which held them in place. These hinges have now become almost priceless relics. It is seldom that one of them is seen even upon the doors of stables.

This Herr Huber employed quite a number of men in the furnace, forges, and smithies which composed his extensive works. It was, therefore, quite natural that men in search of employment should from time to time come to the works. Originally Mr. Huber depended upon his friends in Philadelphia to send him the men necessary to operate his extensive works, but as the country around him developed it was not unusual for men to call upon him at the works.

Soon after the time the events related in the last chapter had occurred in the forest, not fifty miles away from Herr Huber's stone mansion, one evening, just as the sun sank behind the giants of the forest which surrounded the mansion of Herr Huber, six men in the garb of workmen presented themselves at the gate in front of Huber's home. These men, as their clothing and wearied appear-

ance indicated, had evidently journeyed far on foot. They inquired in good German for the proprietor from a man who was making his toilet preparatory to the evening meal. Mr. Huber appeared while the men were making their inquiries, and was accordingly pointed out by the workman whom they had interrogated. The men explained that they were iron-workers who had recently come from the Old World, and had been directed by a friend of Huber's in Philadelphia to apply to him for employment. They said they had walked all the way from the city, and were very anxious to gain employment.

Just then the great horn, the signal for supper, was sounded, and Herr Huber, who was hospitable and a friend to the unemployed countrymen who came to him in large numbers, invited the strangers to come into the kitchen. After they had cleansed their travel-stained hands and faces they were invited to the table, at the head of which Herr Huber himself presided.

During the repast a comely maiden of about fifteen summers waited on the table. This was the only daughter of Mr. Huber, in fact the pride of his life and the idol of his heart. She was just budding into womanhood, and was a veritable child of the forest. Her hair, which hung in long dark

braids down her back, was as black as the crows which cawed around her forest home. Her cheeks were like the mountain pinks, and her lips like cherries. Her dark eyes sparkled and shone with the animation which the pure soul that possessed them imparted. The girl was tall for her age, yet plump and well built, strong and lithe as the does that came to quench their thirst at the streams that brought water to her father's works.

She had never been to the schools, which are to the beauty which nature imparts what the diamond is to the gold that clasps it. Yet the girl was not untutored. A young German woman, who had lost her husband and her fortune in the wars which were terminated by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, had come at the invitation of Huber's wife, to the forest home of the Hubers. She said no place in all the world was so well suited to give rest to her wearied and bruised heart as the home of these friends. She had known them in her girlhood in the Old World, and, when they offered her a home and an asylum in America, she came, penniless it is true, but rich in affection and those charms that are reflected by the soul that dwells beneath the shadow of the Almighty. She could not be useless, although nature and inexperience had left her unfitted for manual toil. From the very first it seemed to Mrs.

Huber as if Providence had sent her to them, to supply wants which money cannot buy. Immediately upon her arrival at the Huber home she saw the sterling worth of Elizabeth, which was the name of the only daughter of the Hubers, and at once lavished all the affection of her heart, which had now been mellowed by her loss, upon this girl of the forest. She taught Elizabeth German, French, and English. She had learned to write, read, and speak the last on a journey through England, ere the bloom had faded from her cheek and her heart had been crushed by adversity. The piano and the flute were instruments she loved, and it was not many months before she was happy to acknowledge that her pupil, the bright and sparkling Elizabeth, excelled her teacher.

We have thus introduced our readers to Elizabeth Huber, and to the woman who contributed so much toward the fitting of the girl for the position she was destined to occupy for a little while in the hearts and the homes of those who loved her. We have seen that she waited upon the guests on the evening the strangers sat at meat with her father. Her personal appearance, her gentle and courteous manner attracted the attention of all the strangers, as it naturally would; but they, with the reserve which even the villain can display when the occa-

sion demands it, snatched a furtive glance only now and then at the beautiful form as it passed to and fro. When they had been assigned quarters for the night, they gave free expression to their surprise at finding so lovely a girl in what they had been persuaded to believe was the very borderland of heathen savages. The men, we have no need to say, had no hope of winning the affections of the girl, but so lovely an apparition would be worthy of their thoughts and their conversation.

The next morning the bright-eyed, raven-haired Elizabeth was again the waitress upon the strange guests. One of them, more bold and more impudent than his fellows, ceased to study the face of the girl in the furtive manner he had done the evening before. He was emboldened to give her a broad stare, which she noticed, and in consequence spilled some hot coffee upon the bald pate of the oldest of the six upon whom she was waiting at the time, much to her own chargin and to his discomfort.

After the morning meal, when her father commented in private upon her awkwardness, the artless Elizabeth plainly told him the reason of it. With those eyes, so serpent-like, fixed upon her whenever they thought her attention was elsewhere, she could not help being awkward. She saw, by intuition, in the face of this man what years of ex-

perience with men had not taught her father. She was consequently displeased when her father told her that he had employed the men. It is true they would not come to the mansion for their meals, and she would have no need to speak to them if she did not wish, but notwithstanding she had a strange foreboding that the presence of these men meant sorrow for her.

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW FIRM.

It was six weeks from the time that Baron Stiegel left Philadelphia until he and his party returned to that city. The Baron, to the day of his death, always maintained that they would never have returned had it not been that he entered into covenant relations with his Maker that awful night he and his companions awaited death at the hands of their savage captors. That night, he felt convinced, his soul rose above its physical suffering and perilous bodily condition to an experience which was as blessed as it was new to him.

God often permits misfortune to come upon us in order that He may reveal us to ourselves, and afterward He reveals Himself to us. This must forever be the order, us to ourselves, and then Himself to us. Eternity alone will be sufficient to show us the priceless worth of the misfortunes which become the channels for such revelations.

We left the Baron and his companions concealed among the branches of the trees, whilst the Indian guide went forth to reconnoitre. Our friends had not the most enviable feelings either as to comfort or assurance that all danger of recapture was over. They had been awaiting in silence for more than half an hour, not knowing what the next moment might reveal, when at last they heard the snapping of branches not far from the place of their concealment. At first but one thought filled their minds, although they did not venture to speak to each other. It was the thought that their guide was returning to them. The careless snapping of branches and rustle among the dead leaves was but an evidence that caution was no longer necessary. The Baron was already in the act of swinging himself from the branch in the hickory to which he had climbed, when to his amazement he saw, instead of the Indian guide, a huge black bear, passing not twenty feet from the place where he was sitting. For some reason the bear paid no attention to the men among the branches of the trees.

Soon after the bear had disappeared the Indian returned as noiselessly as he had gone. He motioned them to dismount from their perches. We need not say that they complied with alacrity. He explained to them that he had discovered no traces of the savages. He had not had time to get upon

their trail, but he felt sure that they were not pursuing them along the path by which they had escaped.

The Indian guide was thoroughly familiar with the route they were now taking. He had acted as guide very often, and knew the road between Hebron, Derry, and Paxtang quite as well as he knew the surrounding forests. He knew that they were not far from Paxtang, and he accordingly directed his steps thither.

The sturdy Scotch-Irish yeomen were hospitable almost to a fault, and when their German brethren arrived in the early morning they received them with every expression of delight. They listened to their story of capture and escape, and invited them to their homes, where they furnished them with a good substantial breakfast. Whilst the Germans were eating their morning meal, with appetites sharpened by a fast of nearly twenty-four hours, their entertainers were already arming themselves for both defense and pursuit. These Indians, they reasoned, might be only a squad of a larger party, who might plunder and desolate many homes.

The searching party that went out from the settlement did not return until late in the evening. They brought with them no trace of the savages; but from an eminence, which commands a view of the rend in the mountains, at what is now Rockville, on the Susquehanna, they saw the smoke ascending from a camp-fire, evidently that of Redmen who felt themselves at ease from all pursuit. Because they were convinced that this marauding party was evidently about to cross the stream, and because they knew that they could not reach their camp before dark, they abandoned the pursuit.

A few days of rest, and our friends were ready to begin their return. They purchased a few horses in the settlement, for which the Baron paid part in cash, and for the remainder of which he gave his simple promise. The amount was paid in full when early in the spring the farmers came to the city of Philadelphia to exchange their produce for such wares as they needed.

Soon after the Baron's visit to Paxtang, the autumn faded into winter, long and drear, during which the settlements were in the wilderness like planets in space, only more solitary and isolated, because they were never seen. They had little fear of attack from the Indians during the winter. The Conestogas were at peace with the settlers, and marauding parties from the North and West did not venture forth upon their visitations of plunder and murder during the winter.

The Baron spent the winter in the city, making plans for the coming summer. He did not enter society, but he did make warm friends. Having nothing else to do, he spent his time in determining where he would make his investments. When at last the ice-king was compelled to loosen his grasp from roads and rivers, he was ready to go forth with all the buoyancy of hope which his wealth and his youth inspired. It is true, he now had a wholesome lesson in the treachery and cruelty of the American savage, and he went forth with a better retinue and more fully armed. He adopted as a means of safety a method of travel peculiar to himself. He always kept a pack of hounds which were trained to keep ahead of himself and retinue. They certainly heralded his coming; but whether they contributed much to his safety the narrator of this history is unable to say.

The previous autumn the Baron had learned of a certain Herr Huber, who, not far from Lancaster, owned a large establishment for the smelting of iron ore and for the manufacture of nails, hinges, and, in fact, everything of iron which the farmer and backwoodsman needed. He had resolved to pay his countryman a visit, learn all he could concerning his craft, and, perhaps, buy him out, or, if that were not possible, buy an interest in his investment. In the early part of June, therefore, when wild flowers perfumed the air and the windows and doors of the great stone house of which we have already spoken stood wide open to welcome the genial sunshine and the perfumed zephyrs, there was about to cross the threshold of the mansion a stranger whose own life, for a while at least, was to be very intimately associated with the house and all that pertained thereto. Whether this association brought either him or the original owners of the home much peace and joy will be the province of this volume to unfold.

Elizabeth and her preceptress were returning from one of their accustomed walks along the big dam which supplied the water power for her father's iron works, when they heard the clatter of horses' hoofs beyond the bend in the road. In a moment afterward two horsemen approached the ladies and politely saluted as they passed. Whilst the women were looking after them and wondering who they could be, ten others came round the bend in the road. Of the two foremost one was richly clad, and rode a beautiful sorrel. All of the men carried arms, but it was evident that they were not from a neighboring settlement, organizing for the French and Indian War which had now begun in dead earnest.

The ladies found, on their return home, that the strangers had come for the express purpose of seeing Herr Huber. The well-dressed young man, whom Elizabeth had seen at the head of the cavalcade, was even then in the private office with her father. Looking through the open window she saw the two men sitting at her father's desk, upon which lay a number of letters which he was engaged in reading.

About one hour after she returned from her walk Elizabeth's father called her. When she came to the door of the office she found the stranger still there. Her father took her hand and laid it gently into the extended hand of the stranger, who had arisen and politely inclined his head as he received it. Her father at the same time said: "Baron Stiegel, this is my only daughter, Elizabeth. She is to us a dear girl. She is the idol of our hearts and the light of our home."

The Baron said, still holding the brown little hand of the girl in his shapely, aristocratic palm: "Surely this, your nest among the oaks of this mighty forest, holds a bird of which the palace of a king might well be proud. You cannot hope to long retain her in this, your forest home." As he so said he blushed, perhaps because he realized that his remark had caused the brown cheek of the

artless Elizabeth to glow. Her father, without apparently paying any attention to the Baron's remarks, continued: "Elizabeth, this is Baron Stiegel, from Mannheim, Germany. He has come to our America to seek a suitable place to make his investments. He has been consulting with me for the last half-hour with regard to a place in which he might invest his money safely and well. Because the day is already far spent, I have invited him to tarry with his retinue until the morning. He and his men will therefore be our guests."

After bidding him a hearty welcome, Elizabeth left the room. The Baron watched her straight, lithe form as it disappeared through the threshold. Turning to her father, he said: "I dare say your daughter never pines for the society which she cannot have in the settlement here, and for which nature and, if I mistake not greatly, education have so well fitted her. Where can the goddess of beauty and wisdom have found so fair a sprite in her whole vast domain to send to your forest home?"

We add this remark simply to show our readers that the daughter of Herr Huber had made an impression upon the Baron. We need not remind our readers that this impression was different from that which this same artless girl had made upon Fritz, whom we introduced to this home in our former chapter. She had kindled in the heart of the Baron a feeling which is akin to that which comes to the soul of one who studies and admires the handiwork of some great painter or sculptor. In the heart of the other man she had kindled feelings such as stir the savage beast when it furtively watches its prey. At their first meeting of the girl neither of them loved her, although it has been said that he can never love who does not love at first sight.

The different impression which the appearance of the girl made upon the two men was different because the men were different—different in education, different in thought, different in habits of life, and last, but not least, different by heredity. For their heredity neither of them was responsible, although both of them were responsible for what they did to counteract the awful and far-reaching power of heredity. That evening Elizabeth and her preceptress entertained the Baron with their sprightly conversation and their sweet music. The old piano, which had been brought from Germany, vied with voice and flute as it spake its sweetest. There was a comeliness about the young widow which attracted the Baron, whilst her sadness won his deepest sympathy.

But the next morning found the Baron and Herr Huber again closeted in the little office from which they did not emerge until noon. The indirect result of that interview was that the Baron and his retinue spent ten days in the settlement, during all of which time he was the guest of the Hubers. The time was spent by the Baron in carefully studying Huber's iron works, in learning as much as possible of the resources of the neighborhood. He thought seriously of buying hundreds if not thousands of acres of land adjoining that of Herr Huber's home. Those days were full of enjoyment and peace. Their memory was a treasure of the heart rather than of the intellect during many of the years of the Baron's subsequent life. To dwell upon those experiences was to him a treasure from which he could not be dispossessed, and which he prized as highly as any possession with which he was compelled to part. Each evening of those ten days the same little company gathered in the little parlor of the stone mansion and chased the flying hours with conversation and song until far into the night.

When at last the matters which concerned Stiegel's business with Herr Huber were all attended to that could be finished in the Huber home, the entire company which had come with Stiegel, also set out on the return to Philadelphia. What is more, the company was augmented by Herr Huber himself mounted on one of the best of his horses. He and Stiegel rode at the head. This was because Huber knew the road better than anyone else, and because, being interested in business and conversation with regard to their future, they would not so easily separate themselves from the rest of their party.

Thus far they had agreed that Stiegel should have one-half interest in the extensive iron works of Huber's. Huber intended to spend the additional capital thus acquired in improving the plant. Stiegel intended to buy much additional land. They would increase their working force, and also the acreage under tillage. They determined to hire only sober and industrious people. Their colony was to be a model for all others around them. To Huber it seemed that the Baron's resources were practically inexhaustible. With such a partner nothing would be impossible to the firm of Stiegel & Huber. It was in order that they might perfect their plans, and in order that Stiegel might pay Huber the amounts required to make him halfowner of the iron works, that the two gentlemen went to Philadelphia.

Herr Huber had formed the habit of inviting

new-comers in his employment to his spacious mansion for their board and lodging until they could find accommodation in the village. This afforded him an opportunity to study their character, and it taught them to look upon Huber as their friend. Fritz and his companions shared this privilege with all who had come before them. They were at the mansion more than a week before they found a suitable place to lodge.

So far as Baron Stiegel knew, there was not a single individual on the Huber estate whom he had ever seen before this visit. There was, however, one man there whom he had seen before. This man saw the Baron, and knew him the moment he saw him. This man was none other than Fritz. The old feeling of revenge which had animated all his plotting thus far again filled his soul. At least Fritz persuaded himself that it was a desire for revenge, but the truth of the matter was, it was his wicked heart which caused him to imagine revenge as the excuse for his desire to do wrong.

Fritz had come to the Huber mansion simply because he had been foiled in his attempt to waylay the Baron on the first trip across the country, when he came so near losing his life at the hands of the Indians. Fritz and his companions had intended to rob, and, if necessary, to murder the Baron and

his party on their way home. For this purpose they waited at Lancaster; but, when the Baron did not come, Fritz concluded that he had returned by the way of the Lebanon Valley to Philadelphia. The reader knows that Providence had become the Baron's deliverer by placing his life in worse jeopardy. We doubt not that on the other shore it will be made plain to us that Providence was "all good and wise alike in what it gave and what denied."

When Fritz first saw Baron Stiegel in the home of the Hubers a feeling of disappointment and rage swept through his soul which caused his body to tremble with the fierceness of his emotion. He resolved anew that the Baron should feel the bitterness of his hatred. All that day, which was the last of Stiegel's stay at the mansion before he and Herr Huber went to Philadelphia, Fritz was dazed by the discovery of Stiegel's presence, and only semi-conscious of what he was doing. He was brought to himself before the day closed in a manner which he never forgot, and which might have caused him to lose his life. Another of the workmen had directed the molten iron into the little channels in which it cools into "pigs." Fritz, because he was filled with dark thoughts and very careless, slipped and fell. In his fall he threw out his arm to save his head and face from the molten iron. His elbow struck the fiery pool, and was fearfully burned. His clothing took fire, and had it not been for the prompt action of his fellow-workmen he would have lost his life. This accident Fritz also, strange as it may seem, laid to the charge of Stiegel. Fritz was immediately hurried to the Huber house, and his wound received proper attention. Twice every day for more than a week Fritz came to have his arm dressed. Once, toward the end of the week, he asked Elizabeth, to whom the work of caring for the arm had fallen, who the stranger was in whose company her father had gone away. This he asked, not because he did not know, but because he wished to fill the soul of the pure girl with the same venom that had poisoned him against the Baron. On being told that it was Baron Stiegel, from Mannheim, Germany, he said, "God grant that you and your father may never know that vile man as I know him." Elizabeth blushed crimson. She scarcely knew why. Fritz went on to say, "He is a thief, a perjurer, and one of the vilest of men. I doubt whether your father will ever return if he commits himself to that man's company."

Instantly Elizabeth contrasted the appearance of the man before her with that of Stiegel. With a woman's intuition she formed her own wise conclusion. In a moment she replied, "Baron Stiegel acted like a gentleman in our home. He brought letters of introduction from the best people in Germany."

Fritz instantly replied, "The devil himself has many friends."

Here the conversation ended. Fritz's arm was dressed, and taking up his cap he was gone.

That same day Fritz was told by the foreman that Stiegel and Huber had gone to Philadelphia together, and that in all probability Stiegel was by that time half-owner in the works. Fritz's wrath knew no bounds when he heard this. He swore and stamped in impotent rage. The foreman was utterly amazed at this conduct, and asked the man whether he was "besitzt von einem Teufel" (possessed of a devil). Fritz, still swearing, rushed from the building.

The next day Fritz sent word to the foreman that his arm was too painful for him to continue at his work. He, however, loitered about the Huber home, much to the annoyance of the raven-haired Elizabeth. His time was spent in plotting how he might best rob the house that had sheltered him and nursed his wound. Finally he concluded to rob the house, and, if possible, waylay Huber and Stiegel on their return from the city, and murder Stiegel.

Then he would join a company for the French and Indian War. He realized that he could not execute this diabolical plan unaided, so he approached one of the men who had come with him to the works, and whom we saw at our first introduction to Fritz, in the upper room, in the city. But Fritz found that his old companion spurned his incentives to wickedness. Kind treatment, wholesome surroundings, and honest toil had done much for him. He approached others, but always with the same results. He learned that he no longer possessed the confidence or the friendship of his companions. Had his own heart been less debased, the knowledge that he had not one friend in the world would have made him sad. It could not be otherwise; the wicked can have no friends. They may have associates, but let us not pollute the word friend by applying it to the associates of the wicked. Our friends make us do our best; they ennoble our natures, and, like our shadows, can only follow us whilst we walk in the light of a pure life. They, like our shadows, must leave us the moment we cross into the dark path of evil. Fritz's companions now were for the first time his real friends, because, by their refusal to carry out his plans which he was too cowardly to undertake without them, they saved him from great crimes.

Fritz realized also that from that time the Huber works would be no place for him. The very next day he drew his wages, and, with staff in hand and a rifle slung over his shoulder, he started for Lancaster. "It is impious in a good man to be sad." It is in keeping with an evil nature to be always sad and disconsolate. So when Fritz took a farewell look upon the Huber settlement a feeling of sadness and longing stole over him which he could crowd down only by reassuming his spirit of bravado and defiance. He shook his fist menacingly toward the Huber mansion, then turned upon his heel and was gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ENGAGEMENT.

Almost from the very first day of their meeting, Baron Stiegel and Herr Huber were friends. From that first evening's interview in the office to the day of their separation the two men always felt sure of each other. Whenever any great question in business or in politics thrust itself upon them, the one could nearly always tell how the other would decide before they had mutually discussed the matter. Both seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of the other's thoughts and feelings, so that each was better able to predict what the other would do than he himself knew.

The friendship between the two was peculiar in another respect. It was formed between men of whom the one was past middle life, and the other much younger. Generally, when friendship exists between two thus separated in years and experience, the elder considers himself the advisor and, in every way, the superior of the younger; and the younger feels a diffidence, if not a positive reluctance, in the revealing of his inmost being to his elder; but it

was not so in this case. It seems as if each had waited for the other before he was able to give his best energies to his business, and his warmest affections to those whom he loved or would learn to love. Each seemed to open wide the door to the other's being, so that each could step out into the world both to know and be known, to see things in their true light and to be seen.

Perhaps we are a little ahead of our story. We must not forget to state that Herr Huber found all the representations which Stiegel had made absolutely correct. The Baron paid Huber the purchase money for a half-interest in the Huber works. Had not Herr Huber found Baron Stiegel an honest man, it is needless to say, the first part of this chapter would never have been written. We can never become the trusting friends of those who have once deceived or tried to deceive us. In due time the Baron and Herr Huber returned to the stone mansion in the midst of the great forests, which have long since given way to well-cultivated fields. The Baron brought all his possessions to his new home. From this time the interests of the two men were to be mutual. It is true, the Baron had yet many things to learn about the customs of the New World, and especially about the business he had now chosen for his life-work.

During the trip to Philadelphia, the Baron thought often of the comely Elizabeth. father, too, thought often of her and the other of his dearest on earth, and was ineffably happy when he once more saw the great stone house nestled among the forest trees, and the smoke from the chimney curling in graceful spirals toward heaven. The club, the lodge, and all the other modern forces which rob the home of its inmates and the inmates of the hallowed influences of home-life, had not been born in those early days. Fireside happiness is most precious. It is the food for the soul upon which it feeds years afterward, when it is out on the world's great barren heath. Our feverish modern life strips us of too much of our home-life and thus lays open our moral and spiritual natures to the shafts of the great enemy of our souls.

The two men rode up to the gate together. They expected to see mother and daughter appear simultaneously at the door; but the mother and the governess alone made their appearance.

The first question the father asked was, "Wo ist mein Liebchen (where is my sweetheart)?" It was the same question which the heart and eyes of Stiegel were asking, and for the answer to which he was now eagerly listening. The mother said: "We have had some trying experiences with our daugh-

ter since you left us. She has not been quite herself ever since one afternoon when she bound up the arm of one of the workmen who fell into the fire and severely burned himself. The man has quit his work and gone away. It could not have been the sight of his arm that causes her to be nervous by day and restless at night. We left her a few moments ago sleeping sweetly, and we trust that now, since you have both returned, she will soon be herself again." The mother spoke more wisely than she knew. The words of Fritz had entered the soul of Elizabeth like a poisoned arrow, but the presence alone of Stiegel not only soothed the wound, but soon healed it.

We have seen how rapidly the friendship between Herr Huber and the Baron grew, but we have as yet not told how the comely Elizabeth and Stiegel grew to be lovers. Our readers may imagine that it was the easiest thing in the world for the two to love one another. They were daily associated with each other. If the Baron had seen faces in the Fatherland or in Philadelphia which charmed him, he had never learned to love, and, besides, he saw those faces no more. Now, that he lived in the almost constant presence of this sprightly child of the forest, he forgot all others. It is true, there were other maidens in the settlement who, although

socially inferior to Elizabeth, were her equal in those charms which beauty bestows on rich and poor alike. In addition to those in the settlement, there were many others in Lancaster, which was only a pleasant morning's drive from the smoking furnaces and pounding forges of Stiegel & Huber. Anyone of those would have felt flattered with the attentions of the German Baron. But the truth of the matter is, "There is a divinity which shapes our ends."

Aside from the providence which guides every trusting soul, it must be remembered that beauty soon grows familiar to those who look upon it constantly, and, when it has no soul, it is like an icepalace, which chills as well as charms. It was because the hand of Providence had led Stiegel to the Huber settlement for the express purpose of linking with his the destiny of the sweet Elizabeth that the two soon learned to know that each was to the other what no other human being in all the world could be. Sometimes the knowledge that we are in love is a surprise to us. Sometimes the circumstances are such that we almost regret that it is so. Such was not the case either with the Baron or with Elizabeth. Love's tonic stimulated their entire being. Mark you, we say, being; for when once the soul loves, it and the object of its affections become one—one in purpose, one in hope.

It is characteristic of the German to be outspoken, frank, in the declarations of his heart's desires or loathings. In love he is eager to declare his passion and to gain the object of his affections. For some reason Baron Stiegel, though a German in all that the word implies, nursed his love tenderly and by himself, declaring his affections neither to the girl nor to her father, at least not in words; but his love spoke for itself in every act and look, when he was in the presence of Elizabeth. It was not long before her mother and the preceptress wished that the Baron would publicly declare his affection for the girl.

Bovee has well said: "We love only partially till we know thoroughly. Grant that a closer acquaintance reveals weakness; it will also disclose strength." Perhaps this was the Baron's sentiment. Perhaps he felt that a true man, like a true woman, can love in all the abandonment of self, and with his whole being, only once in this life, and so waited to be sure that this love had come to him. He wished to test his affection, to allow it to ripen into all its sweetness and tenderness before he would publicly declare it. The preceptress declared it as her opinion that the Baron's hand still belonged to another

in the far-away Mannheim, whilst it was plain to her that his heart belonged to Elizabeth. She realized that if she were correct in her surmises, the lady in the far-away land deserved her pity, for it was plain that the object of her affections was to her forever lost. So tenderly did she herself love her pupil, so earnestly did she desire that the husband of Elizabeth might never have been entangled in any previous engagement, that she often prayed that her suspicions might be unfounded. To Elizbeth she said nothing of her fears. She did not even hint that she thought that the Baron was slow to declare his love.

To Elizabeth the Baron was an elder brother, as well as lover. She had been "All the daughters of her father's house, and all the brothers, too;" and so the Baron became to her a brother, and, at the same time, a lover. She confided all in him. He assisted her in her plans to bring light and cheer to many a homesick heart in the little settlement, by giving what money could not buy, tender solicitude for both the mother and child, in time of sickness or sorrow. In those days of their early love they began that life together which continued to rest, like a benediction, upon the homes of the settlement long after the blossoms that had exhaled the sweetness were crushed.

The second autumn of Stiegel's residence in the Huber mansion had come. It was October. The frosts of half a score of bitter nights had laid their icy fingers upon the flowers in Elizabeth's garden, and the leaves in the forest had yielded their sea of green to the gorgeous hues which heralded the coming of the wailing winds which strip the trees of their loveliness. Herr Huber sat in his office at early evening. Before him lay open a large family Bible, which he had brought with him from the Fatherland. Whilst he was pensively gazing into a corner of the room, a light rap, which he knew to be the Baron's, startled him from his revery. When the Baron entered, Huber said: "Stiegel, I have been reading the Ninety-first Psalm, and I could not help thinking that I, myself, and my dear ones, are a striking illustration of the truthfulness of God's Word. It is nearly ten years now since I came to this forest home. In all these years we have been threatened by many dangers, but the Lord has always been our refuge and our fortress. He has cared for our health, and He has prospered We are deprived of many of the comforts and luxuries of the Old World, but we have much for which to be thankful. Above all, the only child our Father has given us He has permitted to grow up until she has become to us as a flower born to

bloom in the forest, to gladden some moss-embowered nook. Baron, the Father has shown me the wealth of love without ensnaring me in the love of wealth."

Whilst Huber was delivering his speech with which his musings had filled his soul, Baron Stiegel sat before him with his eyes quietly fixed upon him, whilst his lips uttered not a word. He nodded his head frequently, thus showing his interest in what was said. When he finished, the Baron said: "Ever since I first met you and yours, I felt assured that yours is a goodly heritage. I have also learned since I came to America, and especially during my sojourn in your home, how Christianity can give peace in every trial, and how it enriches love even as the diamond enriches the gold in which it is set. With love and Christ our humblest surroundings are as stately palaces, and our darkest clouds have their silver linings. Herr Huber, I learned to respect and esteem you and your wife at our first meeting. Your daughter I loved from the moment I first held her shapely hand in my own. I can give no reason for this my love except that it is your daughter I love. I know not what inexplicable power has made her happiness my life. Can you, who admitted me, a stranger, to your home, allow me to become your son?"

Huber fixed his eyes upon Stiegel, who had risen to his feet and was grasping the hand of the father whose daughter he loved, whilst a flush suffused his countenance and his voice trembled with the agitation he felt. He did not make Stiegel wait for his reply. He said: "I have known for some time already that you and my daughter are in love. If I had a dozen daughters I would endeavor to keep them from forming alliances, whether of friendship or of love, which I had cause to fear would not increase their happiness. You are welcome to both my daughter's hand and heart, because I know you have won them honorably."

Stiegel now pressed the hand of Huber, which he still grasped, passionately to his lips. Without saying a word in reply, he left the room. He went directly to the parlor and there found Elizabeth alone. We will not speak of how the Baron made known his errand in the parlor, nor how he told her of his interview with her father. If there be privacy on earth upon which no reporter should attempt to obtrude himself it is where love meets love. If there be a chamber in the human heart which should be closed to all save one alone, and that one, love's counterpart, it is the sacred golden chamber where love dwells. We, kind reader, will not, therefore, obtrude ourselves upon Elizabeth

and her lover, but we cannot help exclaiming, as we imagine the joy of these two souls in that supreme moment:

"Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure?"

Perhaps could they have seen the future upon whose threshold they now stood arm in arm, that calm October evening, they might both have quailed to enter and have shuddered as the frail leaf in the frosty autumn air. Perhaps they would have rejoiced as they took their first step into the new life, now that they felt sure of each other; for it will ever be true, that "the trials love helps to bear are the lightest, the joys we share are the sweetest."

CHAPTER IX.

INDIANS.

EARLY the next morning the postman's horn echoed through the village above the roar of the furnace blast and the clanking of anvils and hammers. In those early days, the coming of the mail was always a great event, because it brought news from the outside world, although that news was many days old.

Elizabeth did not get many letters. Having come to Philadelphia when she was a mere child, she had few friends in the New World, and still less in the Old. Now and then she received a letter from Lancaster, in which town she frequently visited; but her visitors from that town were quite as frequent as her letters. Since the Baron lived with the Hubers, the postman never passed their door. There were always business letters, and frequently a letter from the far-away Mannheim. It was no surprise, therefore, when the postman, on this particular morning, stopped at the office of Huber & Stiegel; but Elizabeth was almost startled when a letter, bearing her address, was handed her.

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It was in an unfamiliar hand and bore the postmark, Lancaster. The following is a translation:

MISS HUBER:

I wish to warn you and yours against the man Stiegel, who has lately become a partner in your father's business. He claims to be a baron, but he is a serpent, for he is a deceiver. He has ruined many lives. He has compelled me to flee to this foreign land; and here he persecutes me. Again I warn you.

A FRIEND.

For a moment after she had read the letter, Elizabeth felt a keen pain at her heart, then confidence in her betrothed reasserted herself. The feeling of pain gave place to one of resentment toward the unknown writer of the missive, whose penmanship and language both indicated that he was unrefined, vulgar, and malicious. She folded the letter and placed it on her stand in her own room.

Her greeting to the Baron at noon was just as cordial as ever. She did not intimate by word or act that she had unwelcome news. That same evening, however, she handed him the letter. He read it carefully, then looked her a moment fully in the face, said nothing, then re-read. When he had read it the second time, he said: "I know of but one man in the world who would write such a letter concerning me."

The Baron spent more than an hour that even-

ing in relating an experience he had had with a man in the Old World. I need not tell our readers that that man was Fritz. What his experience was with that man cannot now be made known to the reader. Of one thing let us be assured, that the confidence of Elizabeth was not in the least shaken in the Baron's integrity and manliness. "Love believeth all things, hopeth all things." Her Huber was never told the contents of that letter. Elizabeth did not wish to burden her father with the knowledge that her lover had at least one enemy in the world. She told Stiegel what he had not known before, namely, that when he first came to her home this same Fritz was in her father's employ, and knew well when the Baron arrived and how long he remained before he and her father went to the city together. This surprised Stiegel. It did more, it brought a troubled look to his face, which Elizabeth did not fail to notice.

That night Elizabeth lay in her bed, sleeplessly listening to the wind as it moaned through the leafless forest and around shop and furnace. It sounded to her like the voice of a weird prophet moaning into her ear the fate that awaited her lover. Much as she tried to attribute her forebodings to her wakefulness, and not because there was a real danger, she could not.

The next morning the Baron noticed that her face was tear-stained and her cheeks flushed and feverish. When he inquired the cause of her trouble, she freely confessed that the letter had caused her a sleepless night. Although she knew that "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty," she had not succeeded in getting the relief she had sought on bended knee. We cannot blame her, for often Christians of a more mature growth worry and fret over imagined troubles, forgetting that the peace of God is for all His children.

At first the Baron tried to laugh her out of her troubled frame of mind; but when he found that he did not succeed, he determined to see what a drive in the pure, fresh, autumn air would do for her. They took their drive in a gig, the most stylish and comfortable vehicle that even aristocracy possessed in those days, if we except the heavy lumbering coach. With the fresh air kissing her fevered cheeks and with the wind playing hide and seek in her hair, which at the beginning of their ride hung in graceful little curls about her face and neck, and, above all, with her lover seated by her side, so manly looking and so strong, the vision of the night faded into forgetfulness.

They had driven far beyond the village and were

breathing in long, deep draughts of the ozone-laden air, which the monarchs of the forest distilled, and every fibre of their being was throbbing with life, when there suddenly appeared in the road in front of them an Indian. He seemed greatly excited, and in a deep, hoarse voice he called to the Baron, whom he well knew, to turn toward the village, at the same time, pointing to the forest, he cried, "Heap Indians," then, bounding past the Baron's team, he himself ran at headlong speed for the settlement. The Baron immediately turned and was rapidly driving after him, when the report of a gun behind them and the whizzing of a bullet between their heads told them plainly that some enemy was loitering in ambush, and but for the friendly Indian's warning would, then and there, have fulfilled all the horrors which Elizabeth had imagined during the sleepless hours of the preceding night.

When the two arrived in the settlement, the friendly Indian, who had given them the warning, was already in the centre of a company of eager men and boys, who listened breathlessly to his narrative of how he had come upon a band of strange Indians in the forest, who were well armed with rifles, and who were evidently in the employment of the French, for many of them wore red coats, the property of murdered English soldiers. Their

mission to the interior of the Pennsylvania settlements evidently was to plunder, burn, and murder. Some of the more isolated homes had already been burned, and their occupants either murdered and scalped, or dragged into a captivity which was worse than death. Whether they would attack so large a settlement as the one around which they were now gathered remained to be seen.

Herr Huber determined not to be surprised. All that day a sharp lookout was kept. The cattle of the settlement were secured, and everything was in readiness to give the savage foe, led on by men who claimed to be civilized, a warm reception. When evening came a company of men guarded the works from within so as to prevent their being fired. All of the women and children were gathered into the stone fort and into the first story of the Huber mansion, which with its heavy oaken shutters was almost as strong for defense as the fort itself. The houses were kept in darkness, but in each one of them there was an armed man, who was ordered to discharge his rifle at the first appearance of the swarthy foe.

It is needless to say that Elizabeth slept no better this night and the following one than she had the night before. The Baron was commander-in-chief over the men at the furnace. He was determined not again to fall into the hands of the savages. All the afternoon fugitives from the neighboring settlements had arrived in the village. All of these were given shelter in the fort. As the night slowly wore away, the settlers who had taken refuge in the fort from the neighboring farms, every now and then, saw the skies illumined by the red glare from their burning homes. Many lost all they possessed except their land, and what they had been able to carry with them to the Huber settlement. The knowledge that the results of years of toil were being swallowed by the devastating fires brought tears to many eyes. Yet in all their sorrow they thanked God that they had escaped with their lives. We who enjoy the fruits of the toil and self-denials of those early yeoman can know little of what they endured. With them our nation was born, and in its young life it sucked their life-blood, and thus it gained those elements of manly strength and proud freedom which have always distinguished us as among the foremost nations of the earth.

The friendly Indian who gave the warning was a member of the Conestoga tribe of Redmen. He was for many years the white man's friend and guide, and when his neighbors and tribesmen moved on toward the setting sun, he was too old to journey with them. To this day the place is pointed out,

not far from the village of Manheim, where he and his squaw spent their declining years.

After two days and nights of ceaseless vigil the friendly Indian once more appeared, saying that the savages had withdrawn to the deeper recesses of the forest, and were rapidly making their way toward the Susquehanna. In avery short time the refugees to the Huber settlement went to their homes. Huber & Stiegel were not the men to see these people spend the winter exposed to the elements. They sent their own employees to assist in rebuilding the homes that had been destroyed. Some of the settlers, who had lost everything except their land, remained in the Huber settlement, working in the furnace until the coming spring reassured them that all danger was now past.

This was not the only time during the long and weary years of the French and Indian War that the bloody tide of savage warfare surged so near the eastern borders of the Keystone State; for the savages frequently extended their carnival of blood to the very gates of the larger towns.

Edward Shippen, the Chief Burgess of Lancaster, after the defeat of Braddock, July 9th, 1755, when the French and Indians had strong hope of exterminating the English and German settlers from the North American continent, or at least making them

subjects of the French crown, wrote to Governor Hamilton concerning the situation in his own town. The letter was written just a few days before the event we have already narrated in this chapter. At the very time of the approach of the savages so close to the Huber settlement, they had murdered many people in the Paxton settlement.

Mr. Shippen in this letter to the Governor says: "The savages which committed the murder in Paxton are now believed to be very numerous. A number of families but thirty-five miles from us are entirely cut off. Farmers are flying from their plantations to Reading. An alarm was given us about twelve o'clock last night. We assembled in the square, say about three hundred, but we had only fifty guns. It was shocking to hear what we expected, that at such a moment we had neither a sufficiency of ammunition or of arms. Thanks be to God, the alarm was false. The block-house will be built on the north side of Queen Street. There will be a wide ditch, and over this ditch a small bridge. One important use of the block-house will be to put wives and children and the old people into it. . . These are fearful times. God only knows how they will end."

"These marauding parties of Indians," says Daniel Rupp in his "History of Lancaster County," published in 1847 (from which the above letter and the facts that follow are quoted), "hung on the frontier during the entire winter, and in the month of January, 1756, attacked the settlements on the Juniata River. They scalped or took prisoners all the inhabitants who did not have time to escape. They laid waste the farms, butchered the cattle, and burned the farm buildings."

John Harris was himself once tied to a tree with fire built about him, on the bank of the Susquehanna, on what is now Front Street in the city of Harrisburg. He was rescued from imminent death by a party of friendly Indians who landed from the other side of the river, just in time to save him. Just before his perilous experience he wrote to Edward Shippen from Paxton (October 29th, 1755): "Sir, we expect the enemy upon us every day, and the inhabitants are abandoning their homes, being greatly discouraged at the appearance of so numerous a band of savages, and no sign of assistance. The Indians are cutting us off every day, and I have a certain account of about fifteen hundred Indians, besides the French, being on our border, their scouts scalping our families on our frontier daily. I have this day cut holes into my own house, and am determined to hold out to the last extremity, if I can get some men to stand by me."

It is no wonder that he continues in another part of this same letter: "As soon as we are prepared for them, we must bid up for scalps, and keep the woods full of our people hunting them, or they will ruin our province."

A letter to Governor Morris from Conrad Weiser, dated October 30th, 1755, refers to this same invasion. After depicting the danger to the living and the horrors already committed, it tells how John Harris and others went to Shamokin to bury the settlers cruelly murdered and scalped by the dusky foe.

Was it a wonder, therefore, that our forefathers saw the necessity of exterminating an enemy so cruel and treacherous? Was it a wonder that the white man was ever upon their heels for their dispatch? By the very law of their nature, and by the law of God, they were destined to a slow but sure extinction. Wherever the smoke of their wigwams has arisen or their council fires have burned, they have been the sworn foe of the white man. They have been a menace to progress and civilization from its first appearance on these Western shores.

But we must turn our attention to the events in the Huber settlement. We have seen that the friendly Indian had acted as a scout and returned to the village with the glad news that the Indians had withdrawn to the deeper recesses of the forest. It was not many hours before the courage of the people in the little town had returned, and they drove their cattle to pasture, gathered fuel from the edge of the forest, or hunted for nuts, as they had done before the events recorded. Among those who went to the forest in search of shellbarks were the teacher and companion of Elizabeth and another young woman of the settlement. They had been warned not to go beyond the edge of the clearing, but, emboldened by the report of the Conestoga and the quiet and peaceful appearance of the forest, they must have ventured deeper into its recesses than they themselves were aware. It was never known just how far they had gone; but when noon came the women did not return. Slowly the noon faded into the short hours of the autumn afternoon, and still there was no sign of their return.

Early in the afternoon Baron Stiegel had sent two trusted employees, well armed, to search for the missing women. They had searched far and near for more than two hours, but had seen no trace of them. When they returned, the settlement was once more thoroughly aroused. Women became hysterical with fright and gloomy apprehension. Searching bands, all well armed, pierced the forest, cautiously and stealthily, but nothing could be seen or heard of the lost ones. All that moonlight night and the next forenoon the search was continued. The Conestoga was summoned from his home and acquainted with the facts; but he could not believe that the women had been abducted by the marauders who had infested the forest on the edge of the settlement a few days before. There was only one thing to be done; the Conestoga could be sent in pursuit of the Indians, and, if possible, discover whether Elizabeth's teacher and her companion were held as prisoners. It would cost him his own life, he well knew, should he be discovered by the wary foe; but, brave man that he was, he undertook the business. He was gone a week When he finally returned he said he had great difficulty in approaching the rapidly retreating Indians. Those whom he saw on the march and in the camp had no prisoners with them; but he had reason to believe that, aside from this band, there was another, who had pushed on, loaded with plunder and hampered with prisoners. He had seen two scalped bodies of dead women; but they were not the women he was seeking. For the present, therefore, we must leave the poor women's fate in uncertainty. Perhaps, like scores of others on this raid, they were dragged into a captivity which was far worse than death.

We need not remind our readers that the disappearance and probable death of Elizabeth's teacher cast a shadow over all the remainder of her life. The Baron spent much money in his efforts to discover whether any had seen the women. As the days gradually wore on and no tidings were received, all but Elizabeth gave up hoping that the women might yet return. We must close this chapter by leaving their fate in doubt. Wherever they were, if still living, they were not beyond Him who has said: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee" (Isa. xlii. 2).

CHAPTER X.

FRITZ.

IT has been said, "There is method in man's wickedness. It grows up by degrees." So far we have not discovered much method in Fritz's wickedness. He has spent most of his time in making plans and failing to carry them out, more for lack of courage than confidence in the ultimate result. It is quite certain that at the time of our story his wickedness was full grown, although his methods in the exercise thereof were much at fault. who follow this tale to the end will see that his cunning improved, and that his methods became subtle as those of that old serpent whose first temptation "brought death into the world and all our woe." The evil impulses in his nature, which had now taken deep root, made him dissatisfied with his work, his wages, and, in fact, with everybody and everything. He made the same mistake thousands are making to-day—he forgot to make God his friend and to seek His guidance and protection every day. Hugh Miller, in his advice to working-

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men (New Walks in an Old Field), says: "Do not seek happiness in what is misnamed pleasure; seek it rather in what is termed study. Keep your conscience clear, your curiosity fresh, and embrace every opportunity of cultivating your minds. Read good books, not forgetting the best of all. There is more true philosophy in the Bible than in every work of every skeptic that ever wrote; and we would be all miserable creatures without it, and none more miserable than you."

Contentment, with a pure conscience, is the best treasure that a man can possess. It yields a constant income. Fritz, because he had long since lost a pure conscience, never knew contentment. He could not long remain in any place before his wicked, unregenerate nature urged him to the perpetration of some mischief, if not crime, and, therefore, all good men shunned him. Fritz had made up his mind to leave Huber's employ before Stiegel came, and he had also determined, as we have seen, to make others guilty of crime, and lead them with him. But in this he was disappointed. The reason he was disappointed was that his companions, ever since they had come under Huber's influence, were allowing their better natures to assert themselves. Every Sabbath they attended divine services in the big dining room of FRITZ. 101

the Huber home. The quiet, unostentatious reading of a sermon, preached before in the Fatherland, and the hearty singing of good old German hymns, stirred very tender memories in the men who were once willing to enter into Fritz's diabolical plans, which a merciful Providence kept them from executing. The quiet contentment of those men who had come with Fritz to the Huber mansion was the first evidence that the religious atmosphere which pervaded the Huber settlement was subduing and healing the evil in their natures. Fritz only once or twice attended the services in the Huber home, and then only out of a spirit of curiosity. There could be no pleasure for him in listening to the reading of long dry sermons, inculcating doctrines which no man could ever live!

Years have passed away since those men were under the influence of Huber's life and doctrine. The men have long since quietly passed out of this life into the great and boundless future. Most of them sleep in the quiet "God's-acre" in the little hamlet of Brickerville. They lived like the mountain flowers, seen by few, but they made the world sweeter and better by their having lived. If it had not been that they yielded their lives to the Spirit's call during those quiet Sabbath mornings they would never have attained the end of their creation.

Kind reader, if you are slowly but surely drifting into a life in which the services of the sanctuary have no attractions, you would do well to stop and think. Remember that where men and women go to church and love the sanctuary, there and there alone life is safe and the home pure and happy. There and there alone the arts and sciences have developed and given man his highest reward for his toil and his best comforts for his hours of weariness. The influence of the church is like the sand reed which grows on the sandy shores of Europe. Its roots spread in all directions and form a network which binds together the sands into staple soil. Its broad leaves protect the surface from the scorching sands and thus affords shelter to smaller plants which soon find a home among the tall stalks. Thus the strange life of these hardy plants protects the shore from the fury of the waves and keeps the winds from drifting the sands over the more fertile soil in the interior. So it is with the church. The Holy Spirit, in and through her ministrations, transforms men's lives. It keeps evil from gaining the ascendency. It gives peace and prosperity to a community, and, above all, it makes bright the hope of heaven. If you are slipping away from the church and the service of the sanctuary, you are slipping away

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from that which is noblest in your soul and which will give you the highest peace in this life and that which is to come.

Fritz made this mistake. He had been piously reared; but because he thought he could better enjoy his life away from the hallowed influences of a godly home, he left his home in his youth. He drifted into the little city where Stiegel was reared. He fell into evil ways, and finally killed a man in a drunken brawl. Stiegel was the chief witness against him. In some way, before his sentence was spoken from the judge's seat, which would have ended his career then and there, he escaped from custody. He took ship and came to America in disguise. Strange to say, as we have already seen, he blamed Baron Stiegel for his sins, his failures in life. It was thus that he became the lifelong enemy of the man who had done him no evil, but had simply appeared on the side of truth and justice.

We shall seldom hear concerning this bad man, in this narrative; but when we do hear it will never be anything of which a true man could feel proud, or anything over which a mother could rejoice in the life of her son. His influence will hang over at least one life in this narrative like the blighting influences of a deadly miasma.

Strange as it may seem, Fritz was in the company of the savage invaders who had come to the Huber settlement to plunder, to murder, and to destroy. Just how he insinuated himself into the confidence of the men who led the savage foe is not so easily to determine. The Conestoga Indian had seen him in their company, and he was sure that his hand sent the ball which he hoped would end the career of Stiegel.

We cannot close this part of our account of this evil man's life without calling attention to the fact that the opinion of some of our modern philosophers, that a man is just what his ancestors have made him, is plainly contradicted in the life of Fritz. We have already referred to his pious an-Had he followed those impulses which were implanted in his nature by his early teaching and by the very blood which surged in his veins, he would never have become the man he was at the time our readers were first introduced to him. However potent heredity may be in the very widest sense of the term, it is not so potent that it cannot be destroyed when once a single bad habit is allowed to form. Our habits, like barnacles on the bottom of a ship, will do much to deter our speed toward the attainment of the goal—a happy and a prosperous life here and heaven hereafter. How true it is that "Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."

It is related of a man who had committed a murder that, instead of being executed, he was condemned to sleep for seven years on a bedstead without any mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron resembling nails, but not sharp enough to lacerate the skin. At the end of the fifth year he had become so accustomed to his terrible couch, and his skin had become so tough, that he said at the end of his seven years he would probably continue to sleep on the same bed in the same way. Whether the story be true or false, it is a good illustration of how one can accustom one'sself to that which is very obnoxious at first. Evil men become so wedded to their habits that life would hold no charm were they to quit their evil practices.

It may be asked, then, why try to change their lives? Because evil indulged unfits men for the high and holy destiny for which God intended them. The very habits of life which seem to hold a charm for their votaries in the end make miserable and destroy the soul in hell. The final outcome is so awful that we shrink from an attempt to portray it in these pages.

There is but one deliverance for him who is the

slave of evil. That deliverance is found at the cross of Christ. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life." "We have all sinned and come short of the glory of God." When we come to Christ, who died for the sins of the whole world, and confess our sins, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." It has been well said:

"Ah, grace, into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come;
The glory of thy light to find
In darket spots a home."

When once a soul is brought into the full light of truth, it abhors itself. When cleansed from its iniquity, it realizes that what it supposed the highest life was but death. When once the old past has let go and dropped into the grave, the joy of deliverance is beyond what human tongue can tell. If you, kind reader, have not yet experienced the truth of what I have said, I beseech you learn it from your own personal experience.

CHAPTER XI.

A MARRIAGE.

In a little more than one year after Stiegel had first visited the Huber home, he led the comely Elizabeth to the altar of the first Lutheran Church in what is now Brickerville. Much of the money necessary for the erection of this church was given by the father of Elizabeth; it was, therefore, eminently proper that she should be the first bride led to the altar.

One naturally wonders how the bride was dressed. Her costume can best be described by saying that she was adorned after the manner of brides in those early and simple days of American life. The style was not as elaborate as now, but we venture to say that it was almost as uncomfortable. Elizabeth was clad after the style of English rather than German brides. In addition to the white satin gown imported from England, she wore the wreath of roses about her brow which to this day is a part of the outfit of every German bride. The young ladies who became the brides of the sturdy young

yeomen in the province were quite content to be adorned in the white linen their own hands had spun and woven. Elizabeth adorned in white satin was, therefore, the bride of all others that attracted attention in all the neighborhood.

Stiegel determined that everyone in the village should, as far as lay in his power, be happy on his wedding-day. The work in the furnace and forge and shops was suspended all that day. The busy hum of toil gave way to shouts of mirth. It was May, and the day was as fair as bright sunshine and balmy zephyrs could make it. Every person in the village, and there were several hundred souls in the town, shared the wedding dinner in the long dining-room of the Huber mansion.

"He that hath a wife and child," says Francis Bacon, "hath given hostages to fortune." However true this may have been in the olden days, it is not quite so evident that simply because a man has children, therefore, his fortune is uncertain. Very often trickery and rascality have fortune's smile, if fortune's smile can be identified with the hoarding of wealth. Virtue and greatness of soul may for a while be poor in this world's goods, but their reward is as sure as the promises of God. With Stiegel and his bride virtue and morality were angels whose presence they had courted all

their lives, and now that their lives were linked in one destiny, virtue and morality were enthroned monarchs in their home. Because virtue and morality had reigned supreme in their early life, their love for each other was as pure as He who made the twain one flesh originally intended all love to be, and without which the peace and joy of every wedded pair is marred.

More precious to them was the consciousness of their unsullied love for each other than the possession of all their material wealth. If the God of their lives would permit them to live long years together they might lose their wealth, but their love for each other would never grow less, because it was founded on virtue, and because they seemed to have been formed for each other. Their love for each other would feed their souls with its ambrosial food when all other nourishment would fail. Everyone in the little village seemed conscious of the fact that the Baron was the "Half part of a blessed man left to be finished by such as she, and she a fair divine excellence whose fullness of perfection lay in him."

In those days wedding trips were not so frequent, largely because they could not be made with the same safety, ease, and comfort as they are to-day. Nor were there the same attractions away from home that there are now. The foundations of many of the cities which to-day are veritable Meccas of attraction and delight to a newly wedded pair were still unlaid in the primeval forests and boundless prairies. The network of iron rails had not yet been spun over all the continent, holding the great cities as the prizes for those who spin the webs. In those days there were no railroads with their palatial Pullman parlor cars and their dining palaces, which to-day make traveling a comfort and a luxury for the poor and a common every-day affair for the rich.

But notwithstanding the discomfort and tedium of travel, Baron Stiegel and his bride took a wedding trip. The City of Brotherly Love was chosen as the theatre in which the newly wedded pair would spend their honeymoon. The Old World with its attractions and friends was separated from America by an ocean which in those days seemed well-nigh boundless. To cross its waters in the frail, wooden, slow-going sailing ships was to tempt Providence and to take one's life in his own hands. This is the reason the Baron and his bride were content to go to Philadelphia; but Philadelphia, in those days, was as far from Lancaster, when we take time and discomfort into consideration, as New York and Chicago are to-day.

The day after the wedding, the bridal veil was folded and laid upon the gown of rich satin in which Elizabeth had publicly declared her vows of love and fidelity to the man of her choice. The crown of wild roses which had adorned her brow on that great day crowned the little snowy heap made by dress and veil in the chest of cedar, inlaid with plates of polished bone, which her father had given her on her wedding day. These were to be left in the home-nest until she would return from the city.

The party consisted, besides bride and groom, of six armed men, and formed a cavalcade which was no unfrequent sight in those days when the mail-coaches ran regularly between Lancaster and Philadelphia. In fact, the armed men accompanied the bridal party all the way to their destination, although they journeyed in company with the regular stage-coach to the city. This arrangement permitted the lady to exchange from the saddle to the coach, and thus to lessen the fatigue of the journey.

The journey was made in safety in three days, without incident or anything to disturb the party. The Baron concluded to take his bride to the hotel which had been his home when he first came to Philadelphia from Germany. This was not because the homes of the friends of Huber, as well as

of Stiegel, were closed against them, but because they preferred to use those homes socially, and not as temporary dwelling-places. The months of their sojourn in the city were as a continuous summer day, filled with flowers, luscious fruits, and the songs of birds. The Baron spent his days in ministering to the comfort and happiness of his Elizabeth, and the laying of plans for the beautifying and embellishing of the Huber mansion, which both the newly wedded and the parents of Elizabeth considered sufficiently large for the two families.

Many days before the party returned to their home, a big Conestoga wagon drawn by six oxen had been loaded with the finest and most costly furniture the city offered, and sent to the Huber home. When the Baron and his bride finally arrived, the furniture had been neatly stored in a vacated room, awaiting the arrival of the wedded pair.

Baron Stiegel had resolved that his bride was to have two homes, the one given her by her father in the forest, the other one of the better private city properties in Philadelphia. In the latter he hoped they might spend most of their winters; in the former they would breathe the balmy resinous airs of the spring and summer and autumn. The Baron lovingly said to his wife they would be like a pair

of migratory birds, they would have two home-nests, each one always ready to receive them whenever they would choose to come to it. Thus they would neither pine in solitude nor be maddened by the rush and swirl of city life. He prized the noise and bustle of the one and the solitude of the other far too much to forego either entirely.

So they planned and so they dreamed of their future. So we all, in our own way, plan and dream, and so we all die, without fully carrying out our plans or realizing our hopes. Hope, the virgin sister of the three graces, allows all of the race to lay hold upon the hem of her garment and even to clutch her robes, but she gives to none in this life all that she promises or half they wish. Her sister, love, must make up for many of the disappointments which she ruthlessly causes. Yet, notwithstanding all her disappointments and all the fickleness of her nature, love desires her at her side, because even love grows stronger and sweeter whilst she leans upon hope or admiringly walks by her side.

There is only one hope which can never be fickle, and that is the Christian's hope. No matter how dark the night of the world's experience, the Christian's hope, which, like a star that no darkness can quench, shines serenely on. In order to enjoy the

when once the new life has entered your soul you will never again be just exactly as you were before. The world may think you are, but God and the angels know that you are not; and if you continue in Christ, which is quite probable, for they that have once tasted the heavenly gift are not easily separated, you will be invincible because of this abiding hope.

We need not say that Baron Stiegel failed to realize all that hope then promised; but of this we are sure, that ten thousand times more than hope promised would not have made up for the sweets of love which the Baron and his Elizabeth enjoyed during the six months of their sojourn in the City of Brotherly Love. Time did not hang heavily on leaden wings for them. It flew on the wings of light. The summer faded into early autumn, and still they lingered in the city. When at last they did return, the leaves were already dead and driven before the bitter winds of November. Where they continued to cling to the branches, such as the oak, they were stripped of their amber and gold and were turned into a dusky brown by the cold frosts and chilling rains. The two days' journey, with its mud and sleet and cold that pierced the very marrow, was not over a moment too soon. Elizabeth was glad to see the smoke of furnace and forge as it floated on the wings of the wind above the skeleton branches of the bare trees or was whirled to the ground as if the icy air were angry with everything warm. When Elizabeth was finally lifted out of her saddle by the warm, loving arms of her father, she felt that the dearest spot after all was her own loved home.

The furniture to which we have already alluded was soon placed in the rooms which were to be exclusively their own. Baron Stiegel now for the first time for several years, and more than in all his life before, felt the charms of home, because this house was to be the resort where love reigned supreme and was the beacon of his joy, the haven of his peace, and the place of plenty. All the comforts of domestic life which the times afforded were found in that home. The first stoves in America were made by Herr Huber, and used in his own home. They were big, uncouth, ten-plated affairs, but in those days even these were rarer in the home than the piano is now.

The very next morning the Baron entered in full upon the work which he had assumed when he became half-owner of the Huber estate and its industries. All the life he had already spent in the Huber home was made golden by the wand of love.

The toil which to others was most severe and perplexing, to him was easy because it was supported by love. The difficulties attending the management of his business were unraveled because his soul was made strong by love's tonic.

Did the Baron during those happy days ever think that there might come a burden to his shoulders when love would no longer bear the heavier end? Did he dream that there would soon come seasons of trouble into which he would be compelled to plunge alone, unsupported by the buoying hand of love and uncheered by its smile? What a mercy that coming events, in our individual lives, seldom cast their shadows far before them.

Troubles may be like birds of prey burying their talons deeply into the soul; but it is a blessed comfort to know that under the shadows of their wings grace can work out her highest achievements. The bitterest tears of sorrow, like summer rain-drops pierced by the sunbeam, are made to sparkle in the light of God's presence. The glorious angel who keeps the gates of light beholds the tears of our sorrow as well as the smile of our joys, and in his sight both are equally precious. Repine not because you have many sorrows. If there were no rain-drops there could be no rain-bows of promise and delight.

Perhaps these lines would never have been written, for it is ever more pleasant to write about joy than to record the sad events to which every life is heir, had not the life of Stiegel been made so soon to feel the black surges, even while he stood bathed in the morning light of his domestic felicity. But we must not anticipate. Whatever may come in his life or in yours, kind reader, remember "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, therefore will not we fear."

CHAPTER XII.

HOUSEKEEPING.

BARON STIEGEL and his Elizabeth had now fully set sail on life's solemn main. The sea was smooth before them. The line of their vision, where the horizon of the present lost itself in the boundless beyond, had not a single cloudlet.

Let us look into their home-nest. Let us walk through their newly furnished rooms, their "halls of oak and tinted pearl." We see many things that are pretty and costly. There is the great high bed, with its couch of newly gathered chaff or cut straw. The great high bed-posts are covered with the canopy of homespun linen. The pillows are filled with pure white feathers from geese raised in the green meadows and by the clear mountain streams. The log-fire, in the cold winter nights, blazes cheerily in the open fireplace, in the early part of the night; but, toward morning, it smoulders into dying embers, which cast fantastic shadows on the milk-white ceiling. These shadows are concealed from the eyes of the wakeful by the canopy which covers the bed.

At early morn a servant brings a pewter pitcher full of steaming water and sets it inside the door. It is the signal for rising. The simple toilet is soon made. The Baron and his wife greet the others of the family in the large dining-room. A hymn of praise to the Creator for His watchful care during the night is sung, and either Herr Huber or the Baron reads a few verses from the family Bible. Then one of them leads in prayer. The morning meal is eaten and each goes to his work. In those days there was more family religion. Business was not so exacting that it left no time for family worship. The hours of toil were longer; but there was not that feverish haste and the myriad little duties and cares which rob us of all leisure and usurp the place of God in our hearts and minds.

The facilities for doing the work, whether of the shop or the farm, were meagre indeed, when compared with to-day. When Penn and the early settlers came to what is now the great Keystone State they found the land covered with forests. With the few simple tools at their command they had great difficulty in clearing the ground in order that they might raise a few simple crops. They generally adopted the same methods of clearing the soil that the Indians used. They cleared the land by col-

lecting dry wood around green trees. To this fire was set and the bark burned. The Indians burned the life out of the giants of the forest, in the same way in which they roasted it out of the giant hearts of our ancestors. There was one marked difference. The more white men roasted the more there were to take the place of the fallen ones. It was not so with the monarchs of the forest. They slowly but surely yielded their places to the green meadows and the fields of waving grain. The forest, like the Redmen, have slowly but surely disappeared with the incoming tide of civilization.

Farming, even in the days of Stiegel, was very primitive, when compared with modern improved methods. The ground was dug up with rude hoes or mattocks. The wooden plough was not displaced by one of iron before 1825. (The iron plough was invented in 1820, but not universally used until some time afterward.) Wooden ploughs were scarce in those early days. Corn and potatoes were farmed by digging holes from three to four feet apart, into which the seed was dropped. The early New England farmers, living near the coast, fertilized each hill by depositing a fish with the seed. Thus it was they ate fish in their corn as well as with it. Perhaps it was the large supplies of brain food, taken in this way, that made the

early New Englanders such brainy fellows. The crops thus raised were gathered in the most primitive way, so that the few bushels of corn and potatoes consumed more time in the harvesting than is now spent in gathering the millions upon millions of bushels.

The Baron and his wife did not know anything of the many conveniences which in our day have become a veritable necessity. For instance, no butcher drove from house to house in the country or the town, with choice fresh meats. Game and salt meats were the almost universal food for nine long months in the year. Nothing was known of preserving ripe fruits in cans, so that the fruits of summer were not served, as now, in the depths of winter, almost as fresh and luscious as when first taken from the trees.

The furniture in the houses was of the simplest and the rudest kinds. We have already spoken of the canopied beds in the stone mansion; but we must remember that there were few of these princely couches to be found in the New World. Here, in America, every man was his own joiner. The humblest American workman now has a better furnished home than royalty could possibly secure when Stiegel and his wife began their domestic life.

The lucifer match was not invented until 1829. The tinder and flint were the only means for rekindling fire when once it died out upon the huge open hearth, or in the ten-plate stove, of which we shall have more to say in these chapters. Sometimes the early settlers went miles to bring fire to their bleak hearths before they could cook a meal or secure even a moderate degree of comfort in their log-houses. Coal oil was unknown as a burning fluid before 1826, and did not come into common use before the War of the Rebellion. Illuminating gas was not used before 1792, and then only as an experiment, by a William Murdoch, of Cornwall, England. In 1813 London Bridge was lighted with gas. It gave such universal satisfaction to all who crossed the historic thoroughfare that the whole city was soon lighted in the same way. Before that it was lighted by fat lamps, one being placed in front of every tenth door. What the largest cities of the Old World could not enjoy was, of course, lacking in the towns and primitive cities of the New World. The Stiegel home had its oil lamps, but the homes in the settlements did not possess them before Stiegel and Huber forged the iron plates out of which their skilled workmen fashioned them without solder.

Almost every home in the more progressive set-

tlement had a huge timber loom and a spinning wheel. Crompton's spinning mule was not invented until 1775. The power loom came thirteen years afterward, and the cotton gin in 1793; but none of these were in common use before the nineteenth century. Young ladies spun the threads, wove the fabric, and made the clothing for their personal adornment, as well as their own table-cloths, sheets, napkins, and, in fact, every article from the simplest to the most ornamental.

The life of those early people in America was intensely busy, but it was not without its amusements and its frolics. The husking-bee and the apple-butter boiling were not wholly unknown even in the days of Stiegel and Elizabeth, nor is it wholly forgotten or entirely displaced by our modern and more expensive and demoralizing amusements which have caught in their maddening swirl the lads and lassies of our more quiet country places. The people and their wants, in those days, may have been simpler, but their piety and morality were none the less sincere. We may smile at their innocence and their faith, but it must be remembered that in those days and in the hearts of those people was born everything which distinguishes the American from the citizen of every other land, and which makes him so justly proud that he was

born an American and reared in American institutions. May God graciously keep the American people from becoming untrue to the principles of right and liberty which our forefathers purchased at so great a price, and which they valued more highly than their own life.

We have already seen how Stiegel and Elizabeth made a journey to Philadelphia, on their wedding trip. It is difficult for our young readers to realize that even at the beginning of the nineteenth century there were no railroads and no steamboats. In the first quarter of last century men and women traveled many miles to see the first railroad train. In our day it is seldom that anyone has missed riding on a railroad train, but in those days it was just as seldom that anyone had ridden on a train. Then, poor people traveled on foot, and as little as possible. The rich traveled on horseback or in lumbering coaches, just as did our friends on their wedding trip. There were no telegraphic communications. Messages were sent on horseback, and, under favorable circumstances, by carrier pigeons. When the battle of Waterloo was fought, in 1815, it required three days before the news could be known in London. To-day, were that battle in progress, it is likely every detail of the fight would be known on the streets of that city better than it

could be known by the private soldier engaged in the fight. When Admiral Dewey entered Manilla Bay on May 1st, 1898, the news was known in every town with telegraphic communication, almost as soon as his flagship passed the first Spanish fort. The result of the fight was known in America at noon, as people came home from church.

So the world has advanced since the days of Stiegel and his bride, but then, as now, the night brightened into dawn, the shadows deepened or lightened over forest and field beneath the passing cloud; then, as now, the robin fed her nested young, the lark soared in the morning sunlight and sang its hymn of praise as it rose above the dew-kissed grass. Then, as now, the lover poured forth his passion into the willing ears of blushing maiden. With all our changes nature has not changed. The face of nature changes with the passing mood of the generation, which nature serves, but her laws are eternal, and by them she will abide until time shall be no more.

The same deep passions which ruled the heart in the days of which we are writing rule human hearts to-day. True love to-day is like marble in the mine, "White at its heart as on its face." Take love out of the world and you have robbed her of her sweetest joy and her wildest woe. Take love

from the heart and you take the light from the sun and add darkness to the night; you rob music of its melody, and home of its divinity. Though commerce on her countless keels busily skims from shore to shore, bringing wares from far, the olden days, with their deprivations, were just as full of joy for those who knew nothing better. So we will not pity them for what they had not, but rejoice rather that they lived so near to nature's heart, and knew so much of the dear Father "who so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him" shall love with a purer, undying affection because of Him. Well has Mrs. Livermore said, "To live in love is to live in everlasting youth. Whoever enters old age by this royal road will find the last of life to be the very best of life. Instead of finding himself descending the hills of life, he will find it uphill all the way, into clearer air. There the vision reaches further; here the sunsets are more golden and the twilight lasts longer."

CHAPTER XIII.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

WHATEVER may be said with regard to the settlements in Eastern Pennsylvania, in the third quarter of the eighteenth century, it must be admitted that, whilst more numerous and consequently closer together, they nevertheless were like little oases of thriving crops and orchards, dotted with homes, in the midst of boundless forests. The Huber settlement was near what soon became a populous town, Lancaster; but it must be remembered that visitors at the Hubers were few. There were whole months when no stranger made his appearance, either for pleasure or for profit. It has been well said, "Little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extends; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love." But there are times when even love needs companionship beside the one to whom it is devoted. Love craves companionship, if for no other reason

than to speak of the charms that have won its deepest devotion. Thus it was that even Elizabeth at times sighed for the appearance of some new face.

In those early days in America, hospitality, even to those who were utter strangers, was given with a charming relish, which, in the opening of the twentieth century, is almost wholly lost. In the Huber settlement everybody was made welcome not only by the Baron and Herr Huber, but by the humblest of the village as well. Even the dogs wagged their tails in friendly welcome when the newcomer was a white man. For Indians they seemed to have the inborn hatred that was so often and so justly manifest in the conduct of their masters.

When a stranger came the housewife brought out her best dishes and her finest homespun, and cumbered herself for hours in preparing the richest meal the house could afford. The spare room, when the house was large enough to afford one, as was the stone mansion of the Hubers, was dusted and aired, and, at evening, large stones or pans were warmed and placed between the sheets, to remove the chill and damp from disuse. All this welcome was accented and emphasized in the looks, the conversation, and the entire behavior of the

host. The thorough welcome made up for the fatigue of the long journey. In our day there has long since been lost the charming hospitality so characteristic of colonial life. In our eagerness to become rich we receive into our homes those whose favor we court, those who can repay in like coin all we give them. Even against the minister of the Gospel, when he comes with his brethren to devise the best methods for the advancement of the church, the door of the home is frequently closed, and he is sent to the hotel. In the busy home there is neither time nor desire for his conversation, his counsel, or his blessing.

Although at the home of the Hubers visitors were more frequent than in the houses of the village, there were few to join the Baron and his young wife in their happiness. But it is our pleasure to record the visit of a man whose name is known to-day throughout the civilized world. This visitor was none other than the pious Count Zinzendorf, who was then soon to set sail for his native land. This man had come to America with his daughter, Benigna, many years before Stiegel arrived. Through his preaching, the strong Moravian settlements at Bethlehem, Nazareth, Lititz, and other places in Eastern Pennsylvania were founded and named. He had also established the

first Moravian mission among the Indians of North America.

Although the history proper of the Moravian Church does not begin before 1457, their preparatory history extends back as far as the ninth century of the Christian era. When Christianity was introduced into Bohemia and Moravia, by Cyril and Methodius, who gave the people a Slavic version of the Bible, the foundations of this great missionary church were laid. The church endured much persecution in the places where it had been founded, and, in 1722, several families took refuge on an estate in Saxony. This estate belonged to Count Zinzendorf, who received them and their doctrines with favor. Other Moravians soon joined them, and in five years a colony of three hundred persons lived on the Count's estate. Zinzendorf soon became a bishop among them, and devoted himself entirely to their service.

The Moravians have been a missionary church from the beginning, and, as such, made themselves felt in the colonization of our own State; but their chief missionary work was among the Indians, and to this day they still have their mission points in California, Alaska, and Canada. One of the saddest episodes of their work occurred at Gnadenhütten (tents of grace), in which is now Tuscarawas County,

Ohio, where one hundred Moravian Indians were treacherously massacred by whites, on a suspicion, afterward proven to have been unfounded, of being implicated in raids made upon white settlements in our own State.

We have thus given a somewhat extended reference to the Moravians and their work, in order that our readers may know that Baron Stiegel and his Elizabeth felt themselves highly honored by this visit from Count Zinzendorf. His stay extended beyond a week. His mission may not have been the most worthy; for he hoped that he might influence the Baron to come into the communion of the church he loved so dearly. Had he succeeded in this, it is probable that the entire Huber settlement would have embraced the same faith, and there would never have grown up the strong Lutheran community which is found in that part of the county of Lancaster.

Whilst it is true that the Moravian Church is evangelical in the broadest sense of the term, and has for its motto that of Augustine, "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity," we nevertheless believe that the ends of the great Church have been best attained and the kingdom of Christ in the hearts of men best established by the fact that the Lutherans remained true,

with few exceptions, to the Church in which they and their fathers before them had been confirmed in Germany.

Baron Stiegel and the Count had frequent controversies, during that visit in the Stiegel home, with regard to the liturgy, the modes of worship, and ceremonies of the Moravian Church. That these controversies, at times, waxed hot we will not attempt to deny. They could not have been Germans without each maintaining that he was right, and the other wrong. For the moment their speech "differed o'er their little story," but the Baron never forgot that he was the host, and the distinguished and consecrated Count the guest. Their arguments never resulted in estrangement and persecution, which have so often been the case with religious disputes. Strange that the doctrines of the meek and lowly Nazarene have become the foundation for so much hatred, persecution, and bloodshed. And the end is not yet. But with Stiegel the sacred rites of hospitality could not be violated even in dispute over the rites of the church. When their controversies were ended,

"Blue was bluer than before,
And the red was red once more."

It may be true that some "heads are as full of

quarrels as an egg is full of meat," and, because this is so, there never was a period in the Church of Christ that there were not controversies, yet Christ never sanctions quarreling in matters of faith any more than in anything which is not so tremendous in its results. It may be true that controversy, like the cloud that hangs on the mountain side, and for a time obscures the beauty and sublimity of the view, yet, when broken by the winds colder or warmer than the surrounding atmosphere, descends in refreshing showers upon the valley beneath, has served again and again to dispel the mists of error and doubt, and has thus proven a source of refreshing and blessing to the cause of right; yet with it all, it has left wounds which time cannot heal, and has proven a rock upon which many a trusting soul has made shipwreck of its faith. With the great American general we say, "Let us have peace."

It is needless to say that, when the Count had finished his visit, both the Baron and his guest acknowledged themselves mutually benefited. The deep-toned piety of Count Zinzendorf quickened the religious life of Stiegel, which at this particular time was in greater danger of being swallowed up in formalism on the one hand, and his business and home-life on the other, than at any other time in

all the Baron's career. It has been thus always. Daily association with the world and the intense love for our own have a tendency to make our characters as much like those with whom we associate as the marbles in the school-boy's pockets are one like the other. It is only when we come in contact with those lofty characters who have given their all to Christ, and who live in the closest communion with Him day by day, that we realize our own sluggish Christian life. Let no young disciple of Jesus think that he can walk with the world in her amusements, her pleasures, without losing interest in Christ and His kingdom. The bear may hibernate for three months, but he is sure to appear lean and weak; so the Christian may separate himself from the society of the good, and allow his religious nature to sleep, but when he awakes from that sleep—if awake he does before the judgment day—he will realize how lean and weak, spiritually, he has become.

There was another visitor to the Stiegel home, who was better known in the settlement than Zinzendorf. The name of Conrad Weiser was a household word in the eastern part of what is now the great State of Pennsylvania. During the long and trying years of the French and Indian War, Weiser was the mediator between the settlers and the

Indians. It was through his diplomacy that the friendly Indians were restrained from joining in open warfare against the whites. It is true many depredations were committed by them, but if they had openly declared war, and joined the western tribes in their work of plunder and murder, the settlers would have been exterminated.

On the 17th of November, 1793, George Washington, accompanied by General Joseph Heister and other distinguished people, stood at the lowly grave of Weiser. Washington said to the rest of the company, "Gentlemen, the departed man rendered many services to his country in a difficult period, and posterity will not forget him."

At the time of Weiser's death, during a council held in Easton, one of the Indian chiefs said, "We, the Seven Nations, and our cousins are at a great loss and sit in darkness, as well as you, at the death of Conrad Weiser; since we cannot so well understand each other."

This distinguished Lutheran layman, several years before his death, was sent for when a number of Indian chiefs consented to hold a council in Lancaster. On his way from his home to the council he paid Stiegel a visit, and together they discussed the prospects of growth and usefulness of their beloved Church in their own community

as well as in the different colonies founded and largely made up of German Lutherans. How interesting that conversation, could it be repeated, would be to the Lutheran readers of to-day. I am sure they could not foresee in their wildest dreams the growth and power of the Church of the Reformation in this country, any more than they could measure the possibilities of the country's internal resources and power among the nations of the world. It is true many Americans, as well as those who had never set their foot on American soil, had some conceptions of the possibilities of the United Colonies. One of Ireland's most distinguished statesmen warned George III. against losing the power and influence of the colonies, and predicted their growth. He said: "They might conquer your islands, and in the process of time advance to the Southern Continent of America, and either subdue their inhabitants or carry them along with them, and in the end not leave a foot of that hemisphere in the possession of an European power." The United States could do this to-day, but it would be neither profitable nor consistent with the highest welfare of her people.

We have recounted the visits of these two distinguished men, Weiser and Zinzendorf, to the home of Stiegel, to show our readers that these

early and more distinguished settlers were interested in spiritual matters, as well as the peace and temporal prosperity of the community and the colonies in which their lot was cast. These men were patriots, not politicians, at least not in the modern sense of the term. True patriotism does not make self and success of party the first object. It is the patriot's part, be he preacher, mechanic, or ruler, to work with all his strength toward the realization of ideal government, ideal humanity, in short. This can be done only by him who makes Jesus Christ his pattern and ideal. And this is what many of the men who were representative men did. There were unbelievers in the doctrines of Christ in council chamber and senate; but it was the Christian citizenship of the land which passed our nation's laws, and Christian sentiment that enforced them.

So we close this chapter by again asserting that Stiegel was a man who was in business for all that he could make honestly, but, whilst he was a thorough business man, he was at the same time a representative citizen, because he was a Christian and a patriot. In everything he believed that to act well for the moment was to perform a good action for all eternity.

CHAPTER XIV.

A BROKEN HEART.

BARON STIEGEL'S ship bearing his domestic bliss was now fully rigged, and its sails spread for a long and happy voyage. At least so he and his Elizabeth hoped, and so we devoutly wished as we saw their happiness in a former chapter. They had every reason to be happy-health, wealth, peace, and comfort. The latter two were the offspring of the former. I am sure that if the Baron and his wife would have been permitted to make their choice between health and wealth, they would have chosen the former rather than be deprived of it. Wealth often proves to its possessor what ingots are to the ass—a heavy burden and little comfort. so long as it continues a man's possession, enables him to enjoy whatever else God gives him; at least so long as his conscience is clear. When health is gone the greatest riches are to their possessor what the best of food is to a man without good digestion. Frequently the poor envy the rich, as their handsome turnouts pass them by on the public highway or in the park, but just as frequently would those in the handsome equipages gladly change places, if they could enjoy the things their poorer neighbors have. God is good to all His children. What He denies one might prove a snare if it were given; what He gives will prove a blessing, both in this life and that which is to come, if it be rightly used.

Although our friends had just begun to enjoy their domestic felicity, there entered their home a great anxiety for the Baron and a keen suffering for his Elizabeth. During a severe exposure to a blizzard in a journey from her little village to Lancaster, Mrs. Stiegel's health was shattered by a severe cold. The cough, which at first was little feared by the robust Elizabeth, became more severe with each new remedy employed, until all who knew her were compelled to acknowledge that the fountains of her life were being rapidly drained. The roses faded from her cheeks, and her step, once so lithe, lost its agility. The Baron with a heavy heart realized that the face of his wife became more pinched and her features more sallow.

A young doctor about this time came to the village, fresh from a German university. He was seeking his fortune in the New World. Stiegel welcomed him to the settlement with the keenest

joy; because he looked upon him as a messenger from God, sent in the hour of his wife's sorest need. At the close of a pleasant day in February, the doctor was hastily summoned to the Huber mansion. He anticipated a night of suffering for the young wife, but he was not prepared for all the complications which met him. As the night of suffering slowly wore away, he began to realize that if the life of Mrs. Stiegel was spared, it must be with help of others. A messenger was hastily despatched to Lancaster for the best doctor in the city. This man was in no way the superior of the younger doctor, but, when such grave responsibilities are thrust upon one, it is no confession of weakness to seek for counsel and help from others. Before the morning came, the other doctor had arrived upon a horse flecked with foam and panting for breath.

With the help of both physicians the lowering day became constantly darker and more dreadful. It ended as Elizabeth's friends feared it would. During all these hours, Baron Stiegel's heart was wrung as by an iron hand. The suffering of his young wife gave him keenest agony, even before he surmised that the day's anguish might end in the night of death. When the full truth dawned upon him, and he saw the eyes film in death, Stie-

gel would have given everything he possessed, except his hope for a glorious immortality, to have died at the side of his wife, but He who promised to be with His own when they pass through the waters, and through the rivers of sorrows so that their surging floods do not overwhelm, did not see fit to accord him this boon. Death had laid his hand upon the holiest affections of his soul, and, as the unskilled harper might ruthlessly snatch the strings of his instrument from their fastenings and thus forever still their music, had paralyzed them in its awful grasp. Stiegel was heart-broken, and neither the years of success nor of trial could heal or even mollify the gaping wound.

There was another sorrower in the household, whose agony in any measure approached that of Stiegel. That mourner was the mother of Elizabeth. We have ever scarcely alluded to her in all these pages, but the mother of Elizabeth was a woman of sterling worth. The rose of Elizabeth's richest being revealed in its central fold the depths and beauty of the mother. The fount of her deep, strong love flowed on during all the years of Elizabeth's maidenhood, and, when she became the wife of Stiegel, that fount of love still flowed in its clearer and deeper stream. We cannot portray the agony she felt at the early departure of her daughter;

but, like every true Christian, she looked beyond this vale of tears for a glorious and enduring reunion. The father's sorrow, though keen, was quiet. He went from the death-bed of his daughter as one who in a single night had lost all earthly good. For the first time in the more than fifty years of his life his head was bowed, and the bright, calm look of his eye quenched in tears. But why should we dwell upon this sad scene by describing at length the agony of each loving heart? Is it not because the sorrow for our dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced? Our sorrow for our dead becomes a part of our being, just as the grain of sand after awhile in the oyster becomes a costly pearl, from which the oyster cannot be divorced without giving its own life. Just as the cloud which has hung darkly upon the horizon all the day is transformed into a chariot of glory upon which the sun sinks to rest, so, as the time for our own departure draws nigh, our sorrow for the dead is all dissolved in the hope of a speedy reunion.

Four days after death struck the fatal knell which plunged the whole Huber house into sorrow, all the village assembled to pay their last respects to one who had been so universally beloved. At the hour for the departure to the place of burial, tender hands took the wreath of roses which had adorned the brow of Elizabeth on her wedding day, from its place in the cedar chest, and laid it on the breast of the shrouded tenement of clay which had once been the home of her tender soul. Then the procession started. The first pastor of the Brickerville Church walked at the head of the procession. Next came four young women clad in white, who after a short walk relieved four other young women similarly dressed, who had meanwhile borne the corpse. Behind them walked the Baron, alone and unsupported. After him came the parents of Elizabeth, and all in the employ of Stiegel & Huber. Others followed in groups.

We will not dwell upon the solemn services held in the little church in which Elizabeth had so often worshiped, and in whose spiritual and temporal welfare she had been so deeply interested. We will not tell, what the reader can well imagine, of the grief that filled the hearts of that entire congregation, the largest which had ever gathered in the church. She had been a favorite in all the village. She had welcomed nearly every family then living in the town, upon their first arrival. She had rocked the cradle of every babe born in the settlement. She had soothed many an aching heart with her little kindnesses, and had thus enabled them to forget their homesicknesses.

After the funeral of Mrs. Stiegel, it was some time before the Baron could persuade himself that this earthly life would ever again hold charms for him. He felt as does the captain of some great ship, where toil is lightened by the best of society, the sweetest music, and the best assistance, feels when his ship is wrecked, and he finds himself with a remnant of his crew, in an open life-boat, on the bosom of the mighty deep, with only compass and chart. The voyage itself, in such a craft, can give him neither cheer nor comfort. Only the hope of meeting dear ones on the shores toward which wind and wave are bearing him all too slow makes the journey at all endurable.

A heart so young as Stiegel's we would naturally expect to heal, a life so full of promise as his, we would naturally expect to recover all its cheer as the changing days brought new experiences and his talents and wealth made new conquests; but this great sorrow which had come upon his life he could never forget, even in its busiest hours and his best achievements. At first he often prayed to be relieved by death, but he began to realize that this, in the sight of his heavenly Father, must be a great sin. Did he not in his very prayers chide that Father for thus depriving him of his loved one? After all, was it not best that she should be taken to the angels?

A being so pure and tender, he argued, was too good for the trials and heartaches of this life. Finally, he resolved to take up again the threads of life and weave anew the warp and woof of his earthly destiny; but resolve as he might, all who knew him saw that the head of the arrow still lay near his heart, although the shaft itself had been plucked. The wound itself which the shaft had made, the clumsy hand of time could not heal, although she tried hard to apply her most soothing lotions.

Stiegel now plunged into his work with an ardor such as he had not known when the hope of domestic felicity and the consciousness of making others happy by his successes had nerved him. during the short period of his married life did he dream of such a colossal fortune as he now tried to amass in the midst of his feverish activity. We have already referred to the rarity of stoves in the homes of the first settlers. We have seen how Huber was the first to manufacture what are now the old-fashioned, disused ten-plate stoves. Among the early denizens of the little clearings even these stoves were unknown to their homes. They burned more fuel to make tolerable the one room of their loghouses, with their one door and one window, than is now used in heating half a dozen mansions. We to-day dream a great deal about the cheer, solid

comfort, and poetry even, of those great open fireplaces with their roaring log-fires, around which our great-grandfathers sat telling stories, but by far the greatest pleasure these open fire-places with their best and most poetic log-fires ever gave is in the imagining of them and not in their real presence. It was only in frequent turning away from and toward the fire that the face was kept from burning and the back from freezing.

Baron Stiegel, after the death of his wife, began the manufacture of the old ten-plate stoves. memory of his beloved dead, the foundry in which these stoves were cast was called Elizabeth. Above the gate on the side of the stove was the name H. W. Stiegel, and beneath the gate the inscription, "Elizabeth Furnace." Over the gate in front, through which the fuel was passed into the stove, there was a raised impression resembling the stone mansion in which Stiegel lived with his wife during their brief married life, and in which he spent the happiest and the saddest moments of all his earthly career. Thus Stiegel commemorated his beloved wife in every cottage whose owners made any pretense to comfort or luxury. No woman's death and no mortal's bereavement was as often rehearsed as was the death of Elizabeth and the early bereavement of Stiegel; for every stranger who

came into a family possessing one of the ten-plate stoves was naturally attracted by the stove, as well as by the name and the picture it bore. The result was that there were as many accounts of Stiegel and his wife as there were owners of stoves, since each possessor of a Stiegel stove surrounded the inscription on his stove with his own coloring, which depended upon the strength of his own imagination quite as much as upon the facts themselves. These stoves are now treasured heirlooms, but wherever found the inscriptions form the clew by means of which even the uninformed may trace the evidences of a wounded heart.

With Stiegel's application to business came everincreasing wealth. His losses in those days were
few, his gains many. His stoves, more than anything he manufactured, acted like a magic wand in
transforming iron into gold. The busy ring of
hammer and anvil, the roaring fires from foundry
and forge, heralded and illuminated the path of
progress. With Stiegel's prosperity came wealth to
all around him. The forest solitudes were transformed into fields of waving grain and orchards of
luscious fruits. His baronial possessions were gradually extended until they included not only thousands of acres of land surrounding the original
Huber tract, but many acres, miles away.

One day as the Baron sat in his office, pensively gazing toward the west through his open window at the sun as it set in amber and gold, Mr. Huber came into the room. He was no longer the Herr Huber we first saw in the stone mansion, when he introduced his charming Elizabeth to the Baron. His shoulders were now stooped, his hands were emaciated, and large black veins were very prominent beneath the milky-white skin. His step had lost its agility and his voice its music.

He seemed more serious than usual this evening. It did not take long before he disclosed his errand to the Baron. He told him that he had that very day resolved with his wife to leave all that he owned in America and go back to the Fatherland, which he had left more than twenty years before. His aged father, the last of his family, had departed this life, as Stiegel knew, and it was important that he should at once return. He did not know that he would ever return to America.

Stiegel made no reply, but kept his eyes intently fixed on a spot in the floor. At last he said: "The Lord's will be done. You and yours have brought me the only real happiness my life has ever known outside of that supernal joy which came to me when, in the forests yonder, I yielded myself to God. So, too, as you know, we have both in this house had

the greatest sorrow that can ever come to us; but we will not unman each other. I am unwilling that you should sacrifice anything. If you do not sell your interest in this property, I will manage for both as God will give me the talents."

To this Huber replied that he thought best that he should sell his interest in the property. After some conversation a price was named by Huber, and, after some questions as to the payment, Stiegel accepted his terms.

The elder of the men said: "I know that if my daughter's preceptress in the providence of God ever returns to this house, you will receive her as a sister. Your anxiety for her safety, and your efforts for the solution of the mystery surrounding her abduction or death, convince me that she will always find in you a friend, if she is not beyond all human help, or the need of it."

It needs no language on the part of the writer of this narrative to assure the reader that Stiegel readily gave his promise to open his house to the woman at any time, and do all in his power for her comfort, should he ever have the opportunity to make the effort. So the men parted that evening. When the business of a life-time must be closed, time and patience are required. It was therefore spring before the two, Huber and his wife, were ready to bid a last adieu to Stiegel and those with whom they had been almost constantly associated in the years of their residence in America. During the busy days of the husband's preparation for the departure, Mrs. Huber sat almost constantly in the warm sunlight near her daughter's grave. She had planted some of the most choice roses at the head of the tomb. Whatever may be said of the costly monument upon which are carved the opinions of our friends concerning us, it is certain that to the visitor at the tomb the breath of flowers is far more agreeable. Then, too, the very presence of flowers brings a message from the tomb in which sleep the ashes of our loved ones. They speak of life and love, whilst their perfume is as snatches of heaven's music wafted to earth. It is no wonder, therefore, that Mrs. Huber adorned well and tastily the lowly mound of her heart's tenderest love.

A few days before the departure of the Hubers, the people of the village gathered one evening in the stone mansion, and, after singing the same old hymns which they used to sing in the Fatherland, they united in fervent prayer for God's blessing and guidance during all the remaining life of the Hubers. You will admit, kind reader, that this way of spending some of the last hours with their old friend and employer was far better than

the debauch which often precedes the farewells of the worldly devotee to his appetite.

It is true that we love only partially until we know thoroughly. Constant association between Huber and Stiegel had revealed to each other their weaknesses, but it had also disclosed their strength. Their parting, therefore, was all the more tender, because they knew each other so well, and their friendship had severest virtue and saddest bereavement to cement it into life-long endurance. They promised one another that they would look into each other's faces again, no providence preventing.

Stiegel returned to the mansion from Philadelphia, whither he had gone to see his friends off, feeling more lonely and heart-broken than at any time since the death of his wife. His work alone gave him rest. Of him it was pre-eminently true, now, that he enjoyed himself best at his work. The hum of busy toil made him eager to join in the work, and the noise of forge and furnace was the only sedative that would soothe the aching of his heart.

CHAPTER XV.

IN CAPTIVITY.

"I MAY never see my home and those dear to my heart, but that will never cause me to do what I know will bring me no happiness, but sorrow and remorse instead."

So said a woman about thirty-five years of age. There was an expression of sadness in her pale features. Her whole form was stooped and emaciated, her features were browned by the days and nights of exposure, and her entire bearing and appearance was such as to provoke pity in the heart of anyone who would chance to see her, without knowing one word of her sad history.

It may be true that the soul is its own place and can make a heaven out of hell, but it is also true that separation from friends and every pleasant association, and the constant beholding of deeds of savage cruelty, can bring sadness and woe to the most trusting and obedient child of God. Such was the experience of the woman who uttered the language to which we have just listened. For more than a year

she had dwelt in the solitudes of the forest. true that the mountain streams gurgling forth from rocky dells had slaked her feverish thirst, the wind sweeping the tops of the monarchs of the woods had given forth the deep-toned music of the forest, as when some master-hand sweeps the keys of some great organ. She had made her bed upon soft furs spread on moss soft as down. Though far removed from the charms and delights of civilization, she could have been happy in her forest solitudes had it not been that she was a captive in savage You have seen a cat toying with a captive mouse. She allowed it to cautiously and slowly creep away from her cruel claws, and just when it began to quicken its pace, and the hope of freedom began to nerve it to flight, those cruel paws clawed it back to the spot from whence it had crept. Such was the experience of this captive female. Again and again she had assumed an air of contentment, and her watchful captors accorded her more liberty, but with every effort at escape she was brought back and bound to a tree for days, until she meekly promised to remain where she was. She was not the only captive. There were several girls in the same village whom she met in the long journey from the east toward the banks of the Ohio. They, too, had been dragged from their homes, after the savages had cruelly murdered the father. Their mother, as far as they knew, was still alive, for she, fortunately, was not at home when the attack was made upon the home and the father killed, the stock butchered, and the farm buildings laid in ashes. These girls were younger than our heroine, and gradually adapted themselves to their surroundings. The wild life with which they were surrounded began to have a charm for them. It was the presence of these young women that enabled the other captive to bear her lot.

There was still another white face which frequently came and looked into that of our heroine. Sometimes it was weary weeks before that face came out from the solitudes of the forest; and though the woman began to dread its appearance almost as much as it inspired her hope, yet still she hovered between hope and fear at its every coming. The face was that of an Indian trader, who, at the time of her captivity, joined his lot with the murderous Indian braves, simply because he was more abandoned than the savages to whom he sold himself, soul and body, if it can be said that a man so depraved as he really had a soul. She had met him in the company of the Indians first on the banks of the Susquehanna, the second day after her captivity. He was leader and guide among the

savages then. When she had become so exhausted from lack of proper nourishment and the awful journey, that she felt that she could go no further, one of the savages had raised his tomahawk to dispatch her, but this man restrained him from adding one more murder to his long and horrible list. All through that long and trying journey, he had shown himself exceedingly interested in her welfare. Finally she began to look upon him as an angel of mercy sent to comfort her and to press the strengthening cup to her suffering lips. After the band of Indians reached their own hunting grounds on the banks of the Ohio River, he bade her adieu, saying that he was now about to become an Indian trader, and as such he must go and purchase the articles of trade most attractive to his customers. He explained that he had been in the employ of the French Government. He joined the Indians on their raid to Pennsylvania more that he might, in some degree, mitigate the sufferings of the white captives than to gratify his own love of adventure. After he had been gone more than two weeks he came again, having in his employ several Indians, who were loaded with powder and ball and firearms, together with attractive trinkets, which he exchanged for furs with the savages who held her captive.

During his stay he was in frequent conversation

with the captive. In fact, his barter was concluded in a few hours, but he tarried until the next day, solely, as he said, to try to effect some way of escape for the woman. Although the savages were somewhat suspicious, they accorded him the liberty of a long interview during the evening. He now plainly told the woman that if he succeeded in effecting her escape, it must be on the condition that she would consent to marry him. Although the woman had learned to look upon his repulsive face with trust, she could not decide to become his wife at the price of her liberty. She said to him that first night when he held out the priceless boon of freedom: "Far away there in the settlement bathed in sunshine are my friends and the dearest associations of my life. If I cannot reach them except by becoming your wife, I can still dream of them, believe in them, and look up to the dear Father, who has permitted me to be brought here. I cannot become your wife even for so great a boon as liberty and the reunion with my dear ones."

Say what he would, the man could not dissuade her from her resolve, and so when the sunlight again kissed the tree-tops, and pierced in long silvery pencils the deep shadows, she was again alone with two helpless white girls, in the midst of savages. At the time she uttered the words at the beginning of this chapter he had been to the Indian village half a dozen times, and at each visit he had renewed his suit, but always with the same result. This time he was more urgent, and threw off the pretended cloak of virtue and love and stood before her the bold, bad, freebooter he really always had been. He told her that she was wholly in his power. A word to the chief, and she would be roasted alive. On the other hand, if she became his bride, she could return to her friends on a protracted visit. He himself would accompany her, for he had done nothing anywhere to make him an outlaw. It was then that she said, "I may never see my home again and those dear to my heart, but that will not cause me to do what I know will bring me no happiness, but only sorrow and remorse instead."

They parted by his telling her that the time had now come when she must think better of her opportunities, or she would bring upon her head the doom she deserved. He said he would give her until he came again, then he would either lead her away his bride or he would leave her a corpse. She replied by saying in the words of her Master, "I fear not them which kill the body, but I fear him who has power to destroy both soul and body in hell."

By this time our readers will have concluded that this woman held captive in the depth of the forest is none other than the preceptress with whom we became acquainted when Stiegel made his first visit at the Huber home. We have already seen how she and a companion went out to gather nuts in the autumn forest, a few days after the Indians had committed their depredations in the settlements adjacent. The two wandered further from the edge of the clearing than they knew. They went to a row of shellbark trees, which the preceptress' friend said was not far from the road leading to the village. They were there only a short time when they were seized from behind. A big hand was thrust over their mouths, and after being blindfolded they were dragged into the forest. After they had been hurried along for some time the bandages were removed from their eyes, and they found themselves in the midst of a company of painted savages. They believed that their capture had been effected by white men, from the way it was done. We may learn more about it, but for the present we can only know that they were soon joined by other savages and prisoners, none of whom the preceptress or her companion knew.

As the journey proceeded they came to the banks

of the Susquehanna, which was crossed the same night that they were captured. That night her companion, overcome by fatigue, could go no further. She was killed with a tomahawk and scalped by one of the big savages. That night the tender-hearted women saw what nearly froze their vitals with horror. Several of the little children among the captives were killed in plain sight of their mothers, and their tender bodies pierced by a number of sharpened pine sticks. After their bodies were thus pierced in many places they were roasted and eaten by the savages.

In all the annals of savage cruelty there are no more revolting and heart-rending records than those of the French and Indian War. What is so saddening is the fact that the savages were encouraged and actually paid for their butcheries by a nation which claimed to be the most refined and enlightened among the nations of the earth. If anything can possibly equal in cruelty and atrocity the savage butchery in the war referred to, it is the carnival of horrors in which the Indians reveled a few years afterward, when they were in the hire of the "Mother Country." War is cruel at all times, but when it is waged by a people like the American Indians, to whom it was the only avenue to glory, and to whom the most horrid butcheries were

looked upon as deeds of bravery, it become a veritable hell.

The shouts of victory and the echo of the war dances have died away from the eastern shores of our great land. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk no longer whistle through our forests. The last feeble remnants of their race are fed on our government's bounty. At the closing years of their history we are making a strong effort to prove to ourselves and to the world that they deserve a name and a place among the races of the earth, but, whatever may be the results of this effort, their long career of savage warfare and horrid butchery can never be effaced from the pages of American history.

We must leave the fate of our heroine in the hands of the pale-faced and white-livered man whom she has rejected even at so great a price as her own freedom from her savage captors, and the risk of her life. However much we may deplore her captivity, let us remember that there is no bondage, save the bondage of an evil habit, that will not yield both sweetness and strength to the one whose life is hid with Christ in God. Such a life, wherever its changing lot be cast, will prove a source of blessing to all with whom it comes in contact. God in His wisdom has sent some lives to the stake in order that other lives might be illumined; He has laid

heavy crosses upon the shoulders of some in order that the burdens of others may be lightened; but with every stake and every cross has gone the upholding arm of His grace.

II

CHAPTER XVI.

MANHEIM.

Some people make it the aim and the end of their life to become rich. To accomplish this they sacrifice first their ease, and, when they are once thoroughly given to the passion for money-getting, they sacrifice every noble impulse of the soul to this one Although Stiegel was a thorough business man, he was not the servant of his wealth, even though for most of his time his business was his master. His home at Elizabeth Furnaces was elegant and even luxurious. He had many household servants to do his bidding. The finest horses that could be procured were to be found in his stables. These horses were cared for by men who knew and appreciated horses. Yet with all these comforts and luxuries Stiegel was conscious that the light of his life had gone out. It is true at times the surface of his life sparkled as it reflected the sunshine into another heart, but deep down in his being there was no light, no cheer, except that

which was born of the Spirit, and which waits to burst forth in its effulgence on another shore.

In those days Stiegel's capital rapidly accumulated. He owned thousands of acres of land in Lancaster, Lebanon, and Berks Counties. There was one tract of land with which Stiegel became, we might almost say, enamored. This beautiful stretch of country can be best seen from the highest summit of the Conewago Hills. Though the mighty forests which once covered almost the entire valley have long since yielded to the woodman's axe, and the quiet of forest has given away to the busy hum of countless industries in the towns and villages which now dot the landscape, the scene is still beautiful. Perhaps the most fertile part of this valley lies just at the edge of the western hills that are broken finally into numerous spurs and humps along the picturesque Susquehanna. This spot Stiegel chose for the laying out of a town which, in memory of his own birthplace, he called Manheim. He laid out the prospective town into perfect squares.

It was not long before buildings began to be placed in conformity with Stiegel's plan; but by far the buildings of most importance were those erected by the Baron himself. Of these his own mansion and the glass factory were the most imposing structures. The first of these was forty feet

square. It was built of red brick, which had been hauled all the way from Philadelphia. The construction of the building was peculiar. It was two-story, and each floor was divided by halls into three large rooms. The second floor had a chapel covering the whole of the southern half of the building. The walls were adorned with texts from the Bible or covered with Scripture scenes.

The other building of note in the town in those days was Stiegel's glass factory. This was a domelike structure, built of brick, and was large enough to permit the entrance of a coach drawn by six horses. Not only could the coach and six disappear, but actually turn around in the building. The glass manufactured in the Baron's works was of the very best. Richly colored bowls and goblets possessing the clear, resonant ring found in Bohemian glass of to-day are still to be seen in Manheim in a few homes. This factory supplied the homes of the land with glassware unexcelled anywhere in Europe. Before this factory was established at Manheim glass goblets and dishes were possessed only by the rich who could afford to import them.

About the same time that Manheim was assuming the dimensions of a sprightly town, the Baron constructed another building of note at Schaefferstown, a place about a dozen miles from Manheim. It was known as "The Castle," and consisted of a huge tower, pyramidal in shape, being fifty feet square at the base, from which it gradually sloped toward the top, where it was ten feet square. Only a few years ago the great logs which once composed "The Castle" could still be seen in some of the buildings in the village of Schaefferstown. It is needless to say that this building was visited from far and near by men, women, and children, for there was nothing like it elsewhere on the American continent.

Stiegel spent his time at one or another of the three places of which we have been speaking. His departure from anyone of these was heralded by the discharge of a cannon. The report was heard across the hills, and in this way the next place made ready to receive him. When the cannon was discharged at Cannon Hill, as the place above Elizabeth Furnace was known, the workmen in the glass factory at Manheim laid aside their tools and went to their homes and put on holiday attire. A band assembled itself upon the flat roof of the mansion, and as soon as his retinue appeared they played the airs most pleasing to the Baron. When he arrived a feast was prepared or was ready, and he and all his workmen sat down to the table.

He was always accompanied by a pack of hounds,

a number of mounted guards, and a coach bearing him and his friends. When he traveled without his friends he often rode on horseback. This manner of traveling would be considered very strange in our day, and the reader may think it pedantic and quite too expensive and regal, even for a man who had abundant means; but it must be remembered that Steigel nearly always carried large sums of money as he went from one place to another where he had employees, who awaited his arrival for the wages due them. In those days there was not the protection for the traveler there is to-day. Even now the man who transports large sums of money from one country town to another takes great risk, especially when it is known that he is thus burdened.

With the Baron horses and dogs were great favorites. With the beauty and friendship of these he tried to satiate his famishing heart. Nor dare anyone say that they were unworthy his admiration and even love. Who ever heard of a dog kindly treated by his master that deserted him in the hour of need? Who ever heard of a dog voluntarily betraying his master? But those who are created in God's image have proven untrue to those for whom they should have been willing to die.

Though the Baron was rich in those days and

bore himself regally whithersoever he went, no hand was ever extended for charity toward him without meeting a ready response. His workmen shared his good things whenever he visited them. Among them strikes were unknown. He never denied them charity when they needed it, but he also gave them justice, which was far better, and which in our day is so often denied our inferiors. Men now grow rich upon the very life-blood of the masses and "for a pretense make long prayers," or endow an orphanage or found a university. All their charity cannot cloak the baseness of their nature in the sight of thinking men and an all-seeing God.

The mansion at Manheim bore testimony to his deep religious nature years after Baron Stiegel had left it forever. The Scripture texts and the illustrations upon the ceilings and walls all testified to his piety. But more than all else were the constant religious meetings on the Sabbath, in the chapel, where the Baron himself broke the Bread of Life to his workmen. It is said that he constantly officiated in this chapel on the Lord's day whenever he was in Manheim. His daily life was above reproach, and so his doctrine on the Sabbath was all the more precious to them that heard. Lord Chesterfield has truthfully said, "A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners."

So far as we can learn no workman ever illy treated Stiegel, because his wealth, his position, his doctrine, and his great-heartedness proclaimed him a man.

It was about this time that he deeded the plot of ground to the Lutheran congregation at Manheim, upon which the present cozy and churchly edifice stands. At each of the places, Brickerville, Schaefferstown, and Manheim, the Lutheran congregations received substantial evidences of his love for the Church in which he was born and in whose fold he had always worshiped.

So the days of Stiegel's life wore away. They brought him many opportunities for doing good, opportunities which he improved and which were fraught with consequences so serious that heaven alone could estimate them. The historian's pen has not recorded them, but He who marks the eagle in his flight and the sparrow in its fall recorded them in the book of His everlasting remembrance. So your life and mine pass away, kind reader, and so there come with each day responsibilities and duties, which, if improved, will make for us an abiding character. Our capabilities may not be so great as were Stiegel's, at this time, nor may we be able to serve those around us as materially as he did; but in the sight of God our work may be just as acceptable when it is done in the

right spirit. That man is fortunate not when his conditions are easy, but when they call forth the best that is in him. That man is sure to serve his day, clear his own vision, and kindle his own enthusiasm who does his work in the fear of God and for the good of his neighbor.

In those days Stiegel seldom heard from his friends across the Atlantic. Herr Huber and his wife were living in retirement, in the old homestead where several generations had resided before them, and so old scenes and old friends served to mellow the hard blow they had received when their only daughter was carried to an early grave.

Of course they had not forgotten Stiegel, but they no longer took the interest in the world they once did. It was, therefore, no surprise that the Baron did not often hear from them. One evening, however, after he had not received a single note from them for several months, there was a letter in the mail which bore the postmark of the town in which Huber resided. The address was in a strange hand, and the Baron felt that it contained unwelcome news, before he broke the seal. He was not mistaken. The note was a brief one, stating that Herr Huber had been carried to his last resting-place the day before, and that his wife had preceded him by only a few days.

So had come the end—the end of their earthly ambitions, which years before had already shrunken to tiny skeletons; the end of their griefs, for they were both ripe for that land where there is neither sorrow nor crying; the end of their hopes, for they were now where there is blessed realization of every Christian hope; and so, although they had reached the end of all things earthly, they had reached the beginning of all things heavenly, and, therefore, had just entered upon real life.

The epitaph written by a great-souled author for two other lives might have well become theirs:

"They did the duty that they saw;

Both wrought at God's supreme designs,

And under love's eternal law,

Each life with equal beauty shines."

We will not endeavor to enter upon the feelings of Stiegel as he read and re-read the short missive containing such important news. He felt, we know, kind reader, as you and I have felt, when a life that was to ours what the jewel is to the ring that it ennobles and embellishes, it suddenly goes out from our presence into the boundless future.

CHAPTER XVII.

FRIENDS.

No human pen has recorded or ever will record the suffering of the early colonists in America. Very many of the heartaches, and trials, and murders were the result of savage inhumanity; but it must be remembered that the savages were not wholly responsible for the dreadful warfare they waged with relentless vigor for more than two cen-In nearly every instance they were urged to their deeds of blood by one or the other nations of Europe, who hoped, through their assistance, to make themselves masters of the North American Continent. When the French dreamed of establishing a vast empire in the Mississippi Valley, they incurred the enmity of the English, and a war was the result, into which the colonists of both nations were dragged as the inevitable consequence. In that war some of the richest blood of both nations was spilled on American soil. During those years from 1758 to 1763, the Indians, goaded by the French, committed some of the most revolting

crimes against humanity in all the annals of savage warfare. Nor did peace come to the settlers in the western part of Pennsylvania until the summer of 1766, when the representatives of the leading Indian tribes met Sir William Johnson at Oswego and signed a treaty of peace.

We call attention to this date not only because it marked the close of an epoch in Indian warfare with the whites, but because one of the characters of this story succeeded in escaping from the cruel clutches of savagery.

When the Indian trader left the preceptress of Elizabeth in the Indian village, he told her that at his next visit she must choose between liberty or death. But she well knew that the liberty he offered her was but the beginning of a more dreaded slavery, so she wisely choose to remain a captive, at least until he should come again. Many years ago a wise Roman Emperor said: "Let no future things disturb thee, for thou wilt come to them if it shall be necessary, having with thee the same reason which thou now usest for present things" (Marcus Aurelius). Our heroine, who, from this time, shall be known as Nawadaha, "the singer," as the Indians call her, had learned to live but one day at a time during the six weary years of her captivity.

Often when the sun shone high above the tree-

tops and the papooses were left to roll and tumble on the green moss at the foot of the giant oaks our heroine sang to them, softly, the good old German hymns which she had learned in the great Cathedral in her distant German home, when she little dreamed that some day her loving soul would be shut up to itself and its God in the deep recesses of the American forest. In those moments of quiet song, when eyes were closed, her longing soul went out on the wings of song beyond the forest, to the settlement, where, with Elizabeth, she had begun a new epoch in her life; and then, like an unwearied bird, she soared in memory over the long sunny days of her first love, until entranced by the memories she fell into quiet slumber, there to continue in her dreams what she had begun on the wings of her song. Just as the lark, soaring high above the green meadows, warbling in sweetest strains, may suddenly feel itself pierced by the shot from the hunter's cruel rifle and flutter dying to the earth, so Nawadaha's song was often stayed by the flood of tender memories, and her spirit fluttered back to its captivity in the depth of the forest. But her song which yielded her such solemn joy had a soothing effect upon the hearts of the savage warriors, who, often while she sang, unconscious of their presence, gathered about her, silently listening to her

melody. Thus it was that she received the name Nawadaha.

There was one other pleasure which was not denied Nawadaha; the flowers that she had always loved in the settlement were found in great profusion from early spring until the autumn frosts nipped their petals. With the first breath of spring, when the south-wind blew over the fragrant loam and guided her to the trailing arbutus, she literally dwelt among the flowers; for, after the first year of her captivity, she was accorded a great deal of liberty. Her lodge, which, at her request, was appropriated to her sole use, was fragrant with the arbutus all the days of early spring. When the leaves were fully out upon the forest trees, she gathered the anemone and the daisy. She always felt that God's hand was present where the flowers grew. They cheered her lonely life, and whispered to her of a beautiful land where flowers never die. When she twined them in her hair, and their soft petals touched her face, they felt to her like the kisses of angels who had come to whisper to her the goodness of God.

There were many evidences of God's presence and blessing in the weary months of her captivity. A very old chieftain had been dangerously ill from a fever which he had contracted from exposure in the raid in which she had been made a prisoner. She nursed him through his sickness, and, just as the lion's savage nature is subdued by kindness so that he becomes gentle, so this old chieftain became the life-long friend of Nawadaha, and sheltered her from the savage caresses of his braves, and enabled her to be a keeper, rather than a prisoner in the tribe.

We cannot call attention to every detail in the monotonous life of Nawadaha during the whole six years of her life in the heart of a large village of savages; but suffice to say that she learned to make herself useful in many ways to her captors. She learned their language, and taught them concerning the Great Spirit, and of Jesus Christ who died on the cross in order that those who believe on Him might live with Him forever. He who marks the sparrow in its fall, and who died in order that He might gather unto Himself a people from among all nations and tribes, alone knows how many dusky souls were led to the light through the gentle ministry of Nawadaha. She herself learned how sweet it is to live for others, and to do another's will and not her own.

We have twice spoken of the so-called trader's last words to Nawadaha. They were spoken at the end of the first year of her captivity. Five

years had now passed away, and still he had not come to make good his threat. As the months wore on she felt that the heavenly Father must have interposed in her behalf. A year after his last visit, the site of the village was changed. In a large clearing ten miles further west, near a well-defined trail, the new village had been located, and Nawadaha knew that he could have found the new town quite readily, had he sought for it. She did not learn what detained him. The reader will be made acquainted with the cause in the future pages of this book; for the present he must be content to know that his failing to return made Nawadaha extremely happy.

There is no condition in this life from which there is no ultimate deliverance. It is true, he who will not learn may remain ignorant through all his earthly life, and be at a disadvantage in acquiring knowledge in the life to come; and so there are other conditions from which there is no deliverance even at death, but all the sorrows and trials of life for the Christian can continue, at the longest, only a brief time. Nawadaha realized this, and so with the help of her dear Master, whom she served most diligently in all her enslavement, she was far happier than the man who offered her so doubtful a freedom.

John in his lonely exile on the Isle of Patmos came much nearer to Christ and heaven than he possibly could have come in the streets of the crowded city. He never would have written the last revelation man has received from God had he not been banished. So some lives draw nearer to God in solitude than in society. Nawadaha believed that this was eminently true of her. She realized that, if she had continued in the settlement, she would not have been as earnest and constant in her prayers as she was in the lonely Indian village.

Most Christians are very unlike their Master in this respect. Christ prayed most when the power of God manifested itself most abundantly in the casting out of evil spirits and the healing of the sick. Often after He had done His greatest miracles He withdrew "into a desert place" to commune with His heavenly Father. Very many Christians, when their skies are brightest and their days the happiest, spend very little time in prayer or thanksgiving. It is only when dark days of trial and suffering are at hand that they are most on their knees. It might have been so with Nawadaha. As it was, she lived very near to God, and thus out of her "stony griefs" she raised veritable Bethels.

But, we have said, for the Christian all troubles and all disagreeable things must come to an end. So it is that there came an end to Nawadaha's bondage. When the treaty of peace was concluded between the leading Indian tribes and the English at Oswego, in the summer of 1766, one of the stipulations of that treaty was that all whites then held by the Indians must be set at liberty. The English provided that the savages furnish a safe escort when the different villages should be visited, to lead into liberty those who, some of them, had been detained in slavery for years.

In the spring of 1767 there came a company of eight or ten whites, clad in the uniform so common and so popular among Indian fighters and trappers. It was quite natural for Nawadaha to think that these men were a company of traders as she saw them approach the head man of the village with the usual signs of peace and friendship. She hesitated whether she should plead for her freedom with Indians, on the one hand, and for her restoration to her friends by the whites, on the other. She determined, however, to learn all she could concerning the outside world from those who must recently have been in communication with civilized life. The salutations between the chief of the village and the supposed traders were scarcely exchanged be-

fore she was at their side. Nawadaha was no longer as youthful and fair as she was when we first met her in the home of Elizabeth, but she had that beauty of soul which is always manifest in the countenance, whether the brow be crowned with gray hair and the crow-feet of time have stealthily left their mark upon the face, or whether the blush and beauty of youth rest like a sunbeam in the countenance. It is true there were lines of sadness in her pale face, but these were broken by the evidences of calm resignation and love which had long since gained the mastery in her soul. So, whilst Nawadaha was not beautiful in the sense in which the world speaks of beauty, her countenance more than her presence attracted the attention of the new-comers. The leader of the company, seeing her hesitancy in addressing them, approached her and smilingly extended his hand, at the same time saying in English, "I am your friend. I have come to lead you back to your friends."

In all her prayers and her longings for home, Nawadaha always had the assurance that at some time she would be delivered, but now when she felt that her deliverers stood before her, it was well that the strong arm of the white man stretched in friendly greeting was ready for the double office of supporting her frail body which otherwise would have fallen tremblingly to the earth. Perhaps you have seen the door of a cage containing a captive bird suddenly thrown open, and you have seen the bird retreat to the furthest corner of the cage, and there sit down while its little body quivered in every fibre of its being; if so, then you can appreciate the appearance, if not the feelings, of Nawadaha when she was so suddenly told that the longed-for and prayed-for deliverance had at last come.

After the woman had somewhat recovered from the shock she was told all that we have stated elsewhere in this chapter. By this time the two other girls, which were Nawadaha's companions in captivity, returned from a trip to the more distant forest, whence they had gone for wood, which they and the Indian squaws were compelled to furnish. They, too, heard the news gladly, but they had now been so many years in captivity and had been brought to the forest so young that they did not have the distinct longings for civilization and friends that Nawadaha had.

The Indians, who knew that they could not retain the captives without plunging themselves into a hopeless war with the tribes as well as the whites, reluctantly gave their permission. They, accord-

ing to the terms of the treaty, were required to furnish a safe escort to the whites in their journey toward civilization.

That night, as Nawadaha lay in her lodge upon the panther skins, she was too full of contending emotions to compose herself to sleep. She wondered how many days it would be before she would look upon the settlement as she had so often fancied herself doing during the years of her captivity. Who would be there to bid her welcome? Would the villagers hear of her return before her approach to the town itself, and would the children, whom she had so often nursed in their childish troubles, remember her, and stretch out their arms in glad welcome, as in the olden time? She felt sure that Elizabeth would be most cordial in her greeting. But what if her impression that Elizabeth were no more were really true? She would put all those strange thoughts she had so often had of Elizabeth's death from her, now that she was actually going home. So the night wore away in sleepless dreaming of her return, her dear ones, and her future life. She was not unmindful that beneath the dark skin of many an Indian child and mother there were warmest feelings for the Nawadaha of their village. She knew that those with whom she had had her dwelling-place so long had

many of the vices of the savage, but they had their virtues also. Though they forgave no injury, they forgot no friendship. She asked herself again and again whether, after she had looked upon the faces of her white friends, she should not again return to the forest to guide her dusky friends in the way of life, the way upon which she felt sure some had entered?

The next morning when the long pencils of light began to pierce the dark shadows of the dense forest, the whole village gathered about the little company of pale-faces as they arranged the few articles and conveniences for the journey. The three women were told that they would be compelled to walk all that day. They would then come upon a new broad road where they would meet many wagons and men. In one of the villages on this road they would spend the night, and the next they would be given a place in a large wagon drawn by horses. On this wagon they would finally cross the mountains and get to the very river which, Nawadaha remembered, was the first large stream they had reached that awful day of her captivity.

When the few simple preparations for the journey new were complete they began their long journey toward civilization. The old chieftain who had so

often interposed himself between Nawadaha and danger accompanied the little party for several miles. Finally he stopped, and, turning to Nawadaha, he said: "Daughter of the pale-face, child of my heart, I leave you. In the far-away land of the Great Spirit I will again greet you. Your Saviour has become my Saviour, for you have told me that He died for the sins of the Redman also. In the home of the Great Spirit you will sing to me again as you used to sing when the owl mocked your melody in the early twilight."

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN OLD ENEMY.

Just as the dew passes away from its grassy bed in the early summer morning ere the sun has climbed far along her burning way, so we may soon lose the influence of some trusted friend in the early days of our career and feel keenly the loss all our lives. Just as the dark cloud, with its muttering thunders, may hang low at early morn and startle us with its threatenings all the day, so one malignant enemy may obtrude himself upon our lives again and again.

It seemed to Stiegel that his one sworn enemy, who had without doubt fired the ball that came so near sending him to eternity, had departed from the vicinity of the settlement as rapidly and as completely as the echoes of his gun-shot. As the days stretched into months and years he became more fully convinced that Fritz had passed into another neighborhood, if not sphere, in which to exercise the malignity of his evil heart. In fact, it (184)

is a question whether Stiegel thought much about his one enemy during the years of his first and greater trial.

We cannot tell how often Fritz planned to carry out the revenge, as he persuaded himself to call his unreasonable hatred for Stiegel, during the years in which he was absent from the Huber settlement. That he had ever resolved to forget the man he had sworn to hate we do not believe. It is the province of this chapter to describe not only the wanderings of Fritz, but also to show how strangely he changed his plans in his determination to ruin the man who had really never injured him.

When Fritz left the Huber settlement, during Stiegel's absence with Herr Huber, he went to Lancaster. There he joined a company of militia, who went out to meet the marauding Indians of whom we have said so much. On the banks of the Susquehanna, when the militia thought that there was no danger of a visit from their savage enemy, the soldiers resolved to visit the "Paxton Boys," as the men who lived at Paxton and who were banded together to defend their homes were called. Fritz then quietly dropped out of their ranks and joined himself to a company of trappers, who operated along the Juniata. When the marauding Indians at length did come, he one evening boldly walked

into their camp, and, although at first regarded with suspicion, he made known in French, which language he had learned to speak in the Old World, that he was the sworn enemy of the settlers and the abiding friend of the savages. The fact that there were Indians in the band who had learned to speak a little French from their association with the French soldiers won the confidence of the band, and Fritz was given the opportunity to prove his friendship.

It was he who led the marauders to commit their fiendish crimes in the vicinity of the Huber settlement. He hoped that he would be able to lead them against the Huber settlement; but they were too wise to attempt this. When he realized that the savages could not be induced to rush to the town and hack and kill indiscriminately, he tried to shoot Stiegel when he and Elizabeth were out driving.

When the band concluded that they must at once withdraw beyond the river, Fritz induced two stalwart savages to hover on the edge of the forest, and, if possible, kill the men in the Huber home and capture the women; but they were not bold enough to accomplish the former and succeeded in capturing, and that merely by chance, the preceptress of Elizabeth. In all the journey back to the home

of the savages Fritz was with the band. We will not say that it was owing to him that the life of Nawadaha was spared, for a man so thoroughly depraved would have been willing to sacrifice every principle of humanity did the occasion demand it. God, who cared for her all the years of her captivity, defended her against both her white and her dusky foes.

Perhaps the reader asks, why did He not save the companion of Nawadaha? The answer is: "Who by searching, can find out God?" (Job xi. 7). Can the child dictate what its father shall do?

"God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold."

He who cares for the life that hides in meadow and in wood, and everywhere, is not unmindful of the cries and suffering of His children whom He has made in His own image, and redeemed by His own blood. Instead of chiding God for leading us in paths unpleasant to our weary feet, let us rather learn obedience; for, after all, has not Christ told us that he who obeys is the real master? He has his hand on the helm of power and in the sack of God's treasures. To disobey is to rely on self, and that is weakness personified. "Knowledge, will,

"These twain are strong, but stronger yet the third—
Obedience—'tis the great tap-root that still
Knit round the rock of duty, is not stirred
Though heaven-loosed tempests spend their utmost skill."

When once we ask "why," we are at sea without helm or compass, but when we trust and obey we are in the haven of God's loving care and tenderest affection.

The fact that Fritz could speak French enabled him to enter the fort at Duquesne and make friends with those who were then in authority. He was too big a coward to enter the regular service of the French Crown, but through the influence of the French garrison he became a trapper, or, truer, a freebooter. He sold at an enormous profit powder and ball and cloths and trinkets, whiskies and brandies. He cared not how many helpless women and children the Indians might murder, nor how much he inflamed their passions and brutalized their savage nature by means of the "fire-water" he sold them. We cannot speak too highly of the spirit of commerce which had characterized the colonists from a very early period of their history, but we cannot fail to lament and deprecate the selfish and self-interested turn of mind which at the cost of public honor and personal self-respect subordinated everything to the mighty dollar and implanted into the young heart of our nation the predominant idea that wealth is the main constituent of happiness. The greed for gold robbed the Indians of their sobriety, and, instead, of lifting them out of savagery, plunged them still deeper for the sake of gratifying the white man's greed for gold.

This same spirit still predominates to-day among the nations which boast that they occupy the very front ranks among the civilized nations of the earth. And among them all the United States is in the lead. She, more than any other nation, is forcing the weaker nations into debauchery and vices such as they had not known in their heathen darkness, by delivering to them the liquors which have proved a curse to her own people. No one can measure the depths of woe into which the weaker peoples are being plunged by the accursed liquor traffic, save by the degree of responsibility of those who are doing the hellish work. When we bear this in mind, we dare say little against this same spirit manifest in Fritz, and many others as bad as he, in those days of our colonial history.

The boldness and enterprise of Fritz, together with his lack of conscience, made him plunge into this new work with more vim than he had ever exhibited before. He made money in those days. He

soon had a large balance to his account with the Hudson Bay Company, which furnished him with his goods and bought his furs at fair prices. The more money he made the more the other vices to which he had been a prey lost their hold upon him. Gold set the mark of selfishness, the seal of its enslaving power over every fibre of his mental and physical being, and Fritz became the willing slave. The nobler impulses of his spiritual being, all those powers which distinguish man from the brute and make him the image of God, Fritz had lost years before when he threw loose reins to his passions and appetites. The fact that he was becoming rich did not in any degree give evidence that he was becoming better. It simply showed that no man can fall so low but that the lust for gold may still seize upon him. In the sight of man gold will hide a multitude of sins and place its devotees in the front ranks of society, but in the sight of God the rich man is just as hideous, so long as he is unregenerate, as the vilest beggar. It is true Fritz assumed a more respectable air and lost the furtive expression which once distinguished him, but much of the old twitching at the mouth and the sinister expression of countenance so characteristic of evil-minded people still remained.

By and by the balance of power shifted from the

French to the English, and Fritz realized that it would be best for him to discontinue his trips to the more removed tribes of Indians, and confine his attention to those not so far removed from the more established colonies of Pennsylvania and New York. However strange it may seem to the reader, Fritz gave Nawadaha no more thought than he gave the threat he made her, when he was once fully resolved to leave the scenes of his activities. Fritz now began to enlarge his business by himself keeping a post to which trappers brought their produce, and from which they obtained their wares. Fritz thus had increased facilities for making money. In all these months he did not think very much of Stiegel and his plans for the Baron's overthrow. There still remained deep down in his being the old desire to do him injury. Of a sudden the old embers of hatred that had been allowed to smoulder were kindled into a raging fire. A Conestoga wagon late one evening stopped at his place on its way to the most distant settlements which, now that the Indians were at peace, began to stretch toward the setting sun. On this wagon Fritz for the first time in his life saw several ten-plate stoves. After examining the stove carefully, and when he had already bargained for the purchase of one of them, he saw on the stove the couplet:

"Baron Stiegel is der mann

Der das Eisen-Werk volführen kann."

(Baron Stiegel is the man

Who work in iron can.)

A scowl which entirely transformed his face caused the man who had the stoves for sale to inquire whether he had discovered an imperfection or break in the iron. Fritz said he had not, but he could not use anything that Stiegel ever touched, much less manufactured. He desired no stove. "And what has Stiegel ever done to you or to anyone?" asked the man in astonishment. "I am his teamster, and I can assure you, sir, that I and all who know him love and respect him."

This was enough. That team would have been compelled to move on into the wilderness had not other teams which belonged to the same troop arrived and insisted that the laws of the land gave them the privilege to remain near the post during the night.

The old hatred, as we have said, was now again kindled to a white heat. Fritz once more resolved to carry out his desires to injure if not destroy the man he hated. All that night he slept little. He made plan after plan in which others were to be the workers of mischief whilst he himself would urge them forward. But he felt that in order to ac-

complish anything he must go to the settlement he had left years ago. He realized that when he was there, before he had been compelled to leave, a helpless vagabond. He knew that he had an ally such as no man can possess in this world without having a certain amount of influence. On this ally he determined to rely. His gold which he had hoarded, and which thus far had given him little real satisfaction, was now to be set into action in the destruction of the man whom he hated. After a few days he told one of the men in his employ that he would be away on business for a week or more. The nature of his business he did not see fit to state, but the employee saw by the determined expression on his face that matters of importance must be at stake.

It was a two days' journey for Fritz and the train of wagons to the Susquehanna. Fritz traveled on horseback, but did not think it expedient to go alone until he came to Paxton. From thence he traveled through the valley, with his rifle slung over his back. He crossed the Conewago hills, but the beautiful scenery of forest and farm, clad in the fresh spring garb, stirred no emotions of gratitude to his heavenly Father for his life and the joy of living. In the distance he saw a cloud of smoke hanging over the forest. He knew that it was the

place where he had sought to murder the man he hated. The peacefulness of the scene would have stirred any feelings except those of vengeance in the breast of a man not entirely dead to his better self. Fritz was his old hateful self, and, as he looked upon the constantly ascending cloud of smoke, he muttered a curse and shook his fist in impotent rage. That same evening he rode into Lancaster, and dismounted at what in the time of his previous visit was the best hotel in the place. The next morning he told the landlord that he was a merchant and dealer in trappers' supplies, and intended to make his hotel headquarters for a while. He said that he heard that there was an iron foundry and extensive works not over a dozen of miles from the town, and he wished to visit the place. asked whether the works were prosperous. He was told that quite recently the owner had advertised for large loans. It was rumored that he had met with reverses, and was trying to recover himself.

When Fritz heard this, his eyes snapped with anticipation. He made up his mind that if he could loan the sums required, if Stiegel had not already obtained them, it would yield him every opportunity he could wish to punish his fancied enemy. He learned that Stiegel offered to give

judgment notes for any amount or amounts he could secure, and that the Baron's resources were ample to make good all his promises. The notes were for sale at the bank in the town of Lancaster.

It was not long before Fritz, to whom we can give no other name, was at the bank in question. He learned that the Baron wished to effect a loan of \$20,000.00. Fritz had not so large an amount of money at his command, but before noon of that day he had paid sixty English guineas in the name of his employee for the right to take as much of the loan as he desired. He promised to let the bank know just how much in the course of ten days. When he returned to the hotel he at once asked the landlord for his bill, and soon after ten o'clock, the day after his arrival, Fritz was on his way back to the place from which he had come.

We will not endeaver to follow Fritz during the next ten days in his untiring efforts to make himself master of the loan. Those with whom he had traded in the past five years came to his aid, and at the end of the time he went with a large retinue and the money in his possession. In due time the loan was negotiated, and, although Fritz kept himself from Stiegel, he was the principal actor in what resulted in an overwhelming tragedy.

There are those who say that, if all men were

educated and poverty were eliminated from society, the great questions of the day would be solved. The experiment has been tried again and again; but it has always been found that neither opulence nor education, in themselves, can make men moral. We will find that Fritz was just as far from being a man, now that he began to know the exhilaration which comes from the possession of wealth, as he had been when he impotently planned arson and murder.

CHAPTER XIX.

LOSSES.

WE have seen how the wealth of Stiegel increased. Everything he touched seem to turn to gold. His success in business gave him confidence. He made new and greater business ventures, until his were the largest iron works in the New World. With his constantly growing wealth he became more lavish in his expenditures. The motto which regulated his life was, Get all you can without hurting your soul, your body, or your neighbor. Use your money liberally for your own comfort and convenience. Do not hoard it; but, above all, give all you can. Be glad to give. You will thus lay up your treasure where "moth doth not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through or steal."

The use of money in a legitimate way cannot injure anyone. It is an instrument with which we can most readily supply our wants and gratify our desires. It binds neighbors and nations together in trade, and teaches them their mutual dependence. When it is misused, it becomes a clanking chain

with which it binds its votaries. It brings nearly all the comforts of civilized life, but it also brings care and trial to its most careful and judicious possessor. Misused, it can never supply the lack of virtue any more than its jingle can heal wounded honor. If it is made the chief end of life, it will make life a dismal failure, and its very possession prove a sore disappointment.

We have said that Stiegel used his money aright, and so he did. Some called him lavish in his expenditures, and that he kept more servants than necessary, fed more bread and meat to his hounds than was necessary to feed the county's poor. But it must be remembered that Stiegel's sore bereavement caused his hungry soul to seek satisfaction in such things as his money could buy. Whatever may have been the cause of the Baron's financial embarrassment, whether it was his too lavish expenditure in his home life, or whether it was because he launched out into the maelstrom of investments too deeply, will never be known, but it is sure that he advertised for a loan, and that his enemy and his enemy's friends obtained the money and loaned it to Stiegel. From the moment that the loan was made, Stiegel was no longer a free It has always and it always will remain true, that the "borrower is servant to the lender." The servitude is not always as galling and as ruinous as it was in this case, but it is bound to exist.

The writer owes the reader a word in explanation of Fritz's rapidly increasing wealth; although in this country, to-day perhaps more than at any time in our national history, some very poor and worthless characters have become wealthy in less time than has elapsed since our first introduction to Fritz, we have seen he made money in the new and wild life he entered upon at the beginning of the French and Indian War. When he began to make money, he for the first time wrote to his kindred in Germany. He gave his life the most roseate coloring possible. He sent across the Atlantic unique and useful presents, such as furs and bison skins. He spared no pains to impress his people with his prosperity in the New World. When his parents died, his two brothers, all that remained of his family, concluded to come to America, and take with them their own and Fritz's inheritance. Thus the three brothers had ample means at their command to do a large business. They established a station, and although at the time Fritz made up his mind to go to the Huber settlement he was alone, the other two having gone on an expedition among the Indians, he knew and trusted the employee who remained at the station.

We have already seen that Fritz's money made him not a whit better morally and spiritually; we shall yet see what was the final outcome. The loan advanced Stiegel in the name of his two brothers was not entirely their own. It belonged in part to the company of which they were members. They, therefore, saw the need of closer dealing and of leading the most economical lives; for from the very moment that the loan was made Fritz pointed out the rich reward which would accrue from their economy, provided they would be able to ruin Stiegel socially and financially, and enter upon the entire possession of all his property.

As for Stiegel, he was not at all apprehensive of any impending disaster. It is true, he did not like the thought that he was indebted to any man for a part of what at one time was his without a cent of debt. He excused himself for making this loan, because the times were not what they had been a year or two after the war, and, then too, had he not made extensive improvements in the works? But reason as he would, he could not forget what Herr Huber had counseled when he had suggested that they enlarge the works and solicit capital in the home country. He said: "Friends to whom you

are in debt you hate. Let us keep out of debt and remain comparatively handicapped in our work rather than use the capital of others, and constantly feel that we are watched and regarded with suspicion by those whom we owe."

It was about this time that Benjamin Franklin wrote, "Lying rides upon debt's back. The second vice is lying, the first is running into debt. Creditors have better memories than debtors; and creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times. They have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter."

But with all that Stiegel read and thought upon the matter, not two years had passed away before he contracted another loan. In those days the men who had money in large amounts to loan were not so numerous, and Stiegel's proffered securities went begging in the market; but so soon as Fritz heard of Stiegel's desire to borrow he contrived to lend, and once more the two brothers' names were recorded upon the books in the county court-house. This time more than before, Fritz felt happy at the thought that the Baron was slowly but surely passing into his power; but still he kept his own personality in the background.

Perhaps you have sailed over the calm, clear surface of a river and beheld the fisherman's net at the bottom of the stream, holding in its meshes a number of the finny tribe. You saw the fish attempt to sport in the water as before they entered the net. They realized that their freedom was more or less destroyed, but they did not know that they were already in the fisherman's power. Only when he came and hauled them to the shore, his doomed prey, they realized that they were fast. Stiegel, more unconscious than the fish in the net, tried to do just as he had done before and live as he had lived; but everywhere he turned he saw that men looked upon him with suspicion or stood in little groups, and, in low tones, conversed with each other at the same time that they looked over their shoulders at him as if they feared an assault. So the months lengthened into years, and Stiegel manufactured less and sold even less than he manufactured. The interest of his loans became due surprisingly soon, but still the German Baron feared nothing.

The dark clouds of the oncoming war for independence now gathered rapidly in the political horizon. Men watched each other with suspicion. It was a time when men in business and politics wished to feel sure of each other. After the tea party in Boston Harbor, merchants pledged themselves not to buy or sell teas, and the rich and poor alike refrained from using the same. Stiegel was very

independent. Coffee and tea were a necessity upon his table. It was no easy matter to persuade himself that he would be just as well without either; so he kept on using and consequently buying teas. It was not long until he was told that he was disloyal to the colonists, and that his conduct was very obnoxious to his fellow-citizens. They even called town-meetings in Lancaster, and condemned the merchants who bought or sold imported teas. Although Stiegel was not a citizen of Lancaster, his name was frequently mentioned as one of those who deserved the contempt of the colonists. This obnoxious conduct on the part of the Baron caused his business interests to languish more than anything else.

Although the Baron professed to care little or nothing for the innumerable tongues that wagged and hissed their scorn because of his actions, deep down in his soul he felt keenly their taunt. He realized that he was becoming unpopular, and, say what you will, few men there are who do not dread to be held in disrepute. It is true, as Carlyle has said, "Popularity is a blaze of illumination, or, alas, of conflagration kindled round a man; showing what is in him; not putting the smallest item more into him; often abstracting much from him." It is also true that in the strong illumination of popu-

larity the beholders gain very distorted and incorrect ideas of those whom they adore. In the dark clouds of adversity men shine by the light within them, and not by the light that their fancied virtues may have kindled for them. Stiegel was under a cloud, and he knew it; yet he moved serenely on. He believed that the time would at length come in which his fellows would see his real position. He determined to prove his loyalty by more than the presence or absence of the grounds of tea in his cup.

Stiegel had great will power. Once when the physician told him that he would soon die of consumption, he determined, in spite of the physician's advice, to do the very things which, to the ordinary consumptive, would mean sure death. He took a bath in cold water every morning, wore no woolen clothing over his chest, and was out in all kinds of weather. His will power saved him. He believed, with Goethe, that he who is firm moulds the world to himself. During these early days of his unpopularity his will made him seem not only stubborn, but even traitorous, to his country. Energy, invincible determination to pursue his path in the face of all opposition, on the part of Stiegel, made him appear foolish even in the sight of his friends. It was evident to them, that, if he was ever to retrieve

his sinking fortunes, he must change in many ways.

At length the news of the battle of Bunker Hill, fought June 17th, 1775, reached Stiegel's neighborhood. By a feat as masterly as it was judicious, Stiegel, in one-half day regained nearly all that he had lost, at least so far as popularity was concerned. As soon as he heard of the battle, which he felt sure was the tocsin of the war for freedom and the herald of the birth of a great nation, he gave his men a half-holiday. Political orators were summoned from Lancaster, and resolutions of sympathy with the great cause which the colonists of Massachusetts had espoused were passed and signed. Public opinion is like a mob, one bold stroke may cow, one judicious sentence may sway it, though at first it may hesitate or falter. Stiegel's action in the presence of the oncoming storm swayed public opinion, which had strongly set against him. Men began to talk of him in public with more favor, and commended him in private confessing that they had misunderstood him.

When, not quite a year after the battle of Bunker Hill, the Declaration of Independence was signed, and the news reached him two days afterward, at a public meeting held the same day in which the news was received, the men employed in all of Stiegel's works with one accord offered their services to their country, and Stiegel expressed himself willing to devote all his furnaces and forges to the manufacture of government supplies, he became the hero of the neighborhood. Thus it was that he regained his reputation as a citizen, loyal, and devoted to his country. The news of his offer soon reached those in authority, and inquiries as to his ability to do much or little for his country were set on foot.

CHAPTER XX.

HOME!

ALL that day the little company, bound for home, and kindred, and friends, journeyed on. Only once, at noontide, when the voice of the cricket was hushed even in the depths of the forest and the birds sat still upon overhanging limb and the heat of the sun was felt in the shadowed pathway, the little company sat down upon a mossy bank on the edge of a cool, rippling streamlet that not far away burst from the rocks that could not hold its clear, bright water in their adamantine grasp. After the simple meal of cold venison and parched corn they arose and once more pressed forward.

Nawadaha could now travel much faster and endure much more than she could seven years before, when she did not journey as rapidly, on her way to captivity and sorrow. She had become stronger, though she was thin and pale, and comparatively frail. A great deal depends on where we are going as to the litheness of limb and buoyancy of spirit.

Only a short time ago a noted criminal had to go from the prison van to the iron door of the prison, and yet in that short journey he endured more horrors than when he was finally led to the executioner's chair. It was all because a mob that thirsted for his blood was at his heels, and by their howls and imprecations filled his soul with anguish. Nawadaha was going home, to the arms of loved ones and tender greetings of those from whom she had so long been separated. The rich memories of their kindness which had glimmered like diamonds through all the years of her captivity were now to be supplemented by treasures just as precious.

When at last the sun came in long slanting rays and made their forms cast giant shadows before them, they came to a clearing on the edge of a vast mountain. From this clearing they looked down upon a sea of green tree-tops over which huge birds were skimming in solemn silence. In the distance, in the narrow valley, the white smoke from half a dozen chimneys arose in spirals, thin and graceful, toward the deep blue sky far above them. Surrounding the cottages were great fields from whose gray bosoms were just bursting the shoots of young corn. Other fields were green and velvety with wheat and clover, whilst in the foreground a man and boy were driving a mixed flock

of sheep and cows to their evening shelter. Nawadaha clapped her hands with joy at the sight, at the same time exclaiming: "How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more than the sand" (Ps. cxxxix. 17, 18).

It was long after sunset before the little company were greeted by the barking of the village dogs. They seemed so much like the snapping, snarling curs to which Nawadaha had so often listened during her captivity that she shuddered at the unwelcome greeting. But the little company had nothing to fear. They were made to feel at home. That night, the first time in seven years, the girls had fried pork, coffee, and bread for their supper. The three girls were given a bed in one of the cottages; but they did not long lie upon the immense straw ticks. They took the covers and spread them upon the bare boards and then they slept so sweetly, so soundly, that the morning sun, peering through the one glass window in the house, fell full upon their faces and awakened them.

We cannot dwell upon each day's experiences in that long journey from captivity in the forest's depth into the light and cheer of liberty. It must suffice us to say that a journey from beyond the Ohio to the settlements on the banks of the Susquehanna, more than a century and a quarter ago, when there were no railroads, was no small undertaking. For a great part of the way the road was along Indian trails. The great State roads, which once were the principal thoroughfares between the chief cities, were then just in the process of being made passable. Some of these roads are still in use, others are included in the great farms which now have taken the place of dense forests. Some of the settlements, which gave promise of becoming the sites of great cities, are now entirely lost on the maps; others are little villages which remain like dwarfs, whilst their neighbors have grown into the giants of commerce. Thus it is that even cities and settlements have their seasons of prosperity and of decay and death.

They waited in the little settlement nearly all that day before they saw, crawling toward them, snail-like, half-a dozen white covered wagons drawn by horses. They emerged from between the mountains over which the girls and their guides had come. All that afternoon the tired horses were allowed to rest; but the next morning, whilst the stars were still shining, they started on the nearly three-hundred mile journey eastward. The girls were assigned a place in the front wagon the same afternoon the teams arrived. This was to be their

quarters until they arrived at Carlisle, which at that time was not yet named.

The journey, from the day they left the Indian village until they finally arrived at their destination, required two weeks. The women met many who were interested in their experiences, and received much sympathy and many little kindnesses during the long days of their journey. Some evenings they stopped in the forest, close to some settlement. The women became the cooks of the party. There was an abundance of game in the mountains through which they journeyed, and the meal they carried with them furnished them cakes and bread. Some days it rained all the day and the streams that they forded were swollen and dangerous; but, on the whole, the journey was most delightful, and the memories which clustered about those days were the most romantic and hallowed of all their lives.

Nawadaha, the singer, in her gentle voice, sang the simple songs of her childhood. She sang of home and heaven; and the brown-visaged men who had, many of them, gentle Christian mothers, recalled the lessons learned years ago, and heard again in imagination the gentle admonitions from lips that were now cold in death. Thus Nawadaha improved her opportunities for doing good, in a way so gentle and so unobtrusive, that she became the real

leader of the party. It is true that the world, that is, those with whom we associate, the situations in which we are placed, are a looking-glass in which we show our true selves. If we give kindness we receive kindness and cheer for cheer. This lesson, above every other, our acquaintance with Nawadaha teaches, namely, that it is not so much where we are as what we are that makes our true selves. The life within more than the life without is the wand which transmutes the dull clay into gold.

When at last our travelers reached their destination, they were kept at the public expense, and their names and the date and circumstances of their captivity were published far and wide. They found that other women and children who had been brought from other parts of the great forests were there awaiting their friends. On a certain day they were gathered in a public square. They stood in a row, and the friends who had come, some of them many miles, to identify their kindred, filed by, carefully scanning the features of those who had just come from captivity. Every now and then there arose a muffled cry as heart was clasped to heart by those long separated.

The Baron heard of the coming of the captives, and although he did not believe that the companion of his now sainted wife would be among them, he

felt that he ought to go and see. The journey required only a day, and although he might not find her whom he sought, he might learn something of her whereabouts or her strange fate. So he resolved to go personally, and perhaps he would be able to set his mind forever at rest. He took with him half a dozen of men, and traveled in all the pomp and style which were so characteristic of him in those days of prosperity. When he arrived the review for the day was just about to close, and Nawadaha's heart was saddened by the thought that, although many had met their friends, she had not had the joy of looking into a single familiar face. She began to feel lonely, even though she was in the midst of a vast company. The tears were brimming in her eyes and beclouded her vision. She resolved to be herself, and with a determined hand she brushed them away. As she did so, and looked at the few straggling late-comers, she saw the tall form of Baron Stiegel as he slowly approached, earnestly looking into the faces of those who who remained unidentified. She stepped out of the line, and, extending her hand, she said, "Baron Stiegel!"

He recognized her voice at once, and, eagerly snatching her in his manly arms, he held her to his bosom, whilst he imprinted a kiss upon her forehead and spoke her name. A moment more and she was about to walk away leaning upon his proffered arm; but she had only taken a few steps when she heard a cry and felt eager hands clutching her person. She knew that it was the grasp of her companions in captivity, whom in the glad moments of her greeting of Stiegel she had forgotten.

The girls, she realized, she could not leave. They had not been greeted by anyone all that day. The Baron soon heard of their unpleasant and lonely condition, and it required only a moment for him to determine what to do. He told them they would all wait another day, and if their friends would not come he would take them to his home. They waited another day, and the now small company of unidentified captives was again led out for inspection. Finally an aged woman, bowed and infirm, passed along the line. More than once her anxious eyes sought those before her. More than once she looked into the faces of the two unclaimed young women. Finally shaking her head in despair and wringing her hands, as the memory of the awful day in which she lost her dear ones became a vivid mental picture, she sank to a seat and buried her face in her hands. The general who was in charge of the captives asked her whether she did not recollect a song or prayer she had taught her lost ones. Once more she came forward and in a motherly voice, quavering it is true with emotion, she sang:

"Ach bleib bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ Weil es nun Abend worden ist, Dein Göttlich Wort, das helle Licht Lasz ja bei uns auslöschen nicht."

In an instant the words and plaintive tones of the mother struck a chord that had not vibrated for all the years since the children had last heard the song and the singer. In an instant more the girls threw themselves into her arms; the one word, "Mother!" was all they uttered.

That same day the three women who had spent nearly half a score of years in captivity separated, but they promised each other that the separation should not be lasting. Souls that had been riveted together by ties so tender could not thus be severed at one stroke. Nawadaha had been tender as a sister and loving as a mother all those years, and the two girls in that moment of separation would rather have shared the fortunes of Nawadaha than to go with their own mother.

The Baron was now compelled to provide a horse for the one woman in all the world who was nearest to his heart ere he married his queenly Elizabeth. The horse was readily secured, and the little cavalcade started on their journey to what was once the Huber settlement. I need not tell the reader that the sad news of Elizabeth's death had been detailed to Nawadaha within an hour after the Baron had found his wife's friend. The first question Nawadaha asked the Baron after the greeting was concerning the health and happiness of Elizabeth. The manly bosom heaved and the eyes filled with tears as he answered simply, "Elizabeth is with the angels." That evening, when they met in the one large room of the inn to which the Baron at once took Elizabeth, she drew from him the story which the reader has already had in all its sad detail.

Before the shadows of evening fell on the same day upon which Stiegel set out for the settlement, the people in the village around Elizabeth Furnace heard the horn of the advance rider, giving notice that the Baron was returning. The sound was a familiar one; but when the rider appeared and shouted at the top of his voice, "The lost is found!" the people were anxious to know whether he meant that the companion of Elizabeth, whom many mourned as dead, was still really living and on her way to the settlement. When they were told that it was even so, their surprise was exceeded only by their joy at her return.

It was only a short time after the announcement of the coming of the lost one before she herself appeared riding at the side of Stiegel. Many of those who had known her most intimately would have known her no more. She seemed taller than when they last saw her; but that was owing to the fact that she was no longer stout. Her life in the open air and her constant outdoor exercise had made her muscular. Her voice seemed deeper, more musical, and even more gentle than when they last heard her warble the old German hymns in accompaniment to the piano and harp. Her exposed life had added charm to her being and grace to her person, even though she had grown older in years.

Many of those who had been her companions were no more. As the cloud melts away in the blue fields of ether, and we scarce can trace its departure, so many in the settlement had quietly slipped out of life, soon forgotten save by their most intimate friends; but Nawadaha missed them because she had not been there to watch their going. Those who had been little children nestled on their mother's bosom, were now blushing into maidenhood or were becoming sturdy, manly youths. Such is life. Nothing can pause or stay. Everything that lives flourishes or decays. Death follows close at the heels of life. Where mortal life

opens a door, death is sure at some time to follow.

There was no one whose absence was felt so keenly as that of Elizabeth and her parents. She felt, as no doubt feels the mother bird who at her coming finds her mate gone and her nestling dead. The departure of these her earthly friends cast a long and ever-deepening shadow on her life-path. Yet, let us ask, why should she or we or anyone feel sad because of the changes wrought by time and his companion, death? God never changes, and he whom God possesses ought want nothing, because all things wanting shall be his by and by.

Stiegel offered Nawadaha a home in the old mansion at the Furnaces. He said she could take up her old life of helpfulness and sympathy, and although many of those whom she had known and loved were now beyond her care, or the need of it, the world was still the same needy, sorrowing world, eager for help and throbbing for a heart warm with sympathy. It was thus that Nawadaha was led to take up the old life in the same village to which she had come so many years before, even sadder and lonelier than now. In the silence of her heart the same Spirit continued to speak of the need and cares of others, that had so often spoken to her in her lonely forest home.

Very soon the little children of the village came to the old stone house which for so long a time had been without a mistress. The man or woman disliked by children should dwell apart from the rest of human society, for, whilst it is true that they have no forebodings, it is likewise true that they are splendid judges of human nature, and to be dreaded by the children is nearly always a sign of an evil soul. Nawadaha, as we have seen, was always loved by the little ones. Now that she had dwelt so long in the depths of the great forests, her life had a special charm for childhood which is always poetic and dreamy, whether its home be in the city, on the farm, or in the forest. For this reason the children often asked her many strange questions, or begged her for a story or a legend. Perhaps, kind reader, you would be pleased to listen to one of her narratives. If so, the following will be of interest:

Far away toward the crimson, golden bronze of the sunset skies there is a summer land by the side of a great salt ocean. Round about this land vast mountains tower, their lofty summits and beetling brows whiten with snow, where they lose themselves in the unfathomed blue of the tropic skies. Among these mighty mountains the echoes dwell, and when the winds battle and rage around the gray peaks a thousand thunders roar down through the ravines as the echoes take sides, now with one warring giant and again with another.

But the soft, hazy valleys lie far below, and here summer dwells eternally, soft and languorous, her brow wreathed with passion flowers, and her waist girdled with roses. From her garments floats the delicate odor of violets and the intoxicating fragrance of orange blossoms and yucca, and of every flower which, transplanted from Paradise, gladdens the earth.

At the border of the valley a mountain lifts itself from the plain and midway is rent asunder. Here, in the mountain's heart, dwells the wild, shy spirit of the grottoes and mountain brooks. The vast gray cliffs form a cañon, and lean closer and closer toward each other, as if the two gray old brothers would lay their shoulders together to protect the beautiful cañon at their feet from the icy breath of hoary old winter; for, banished from the valley beneath, ten thousand feet above those cliffs he holds his court amid the accumulated frosts of the centu-But the two brothers are separated by a little cleft, and from the narrow rift which keeps them apart there leaps and falls a little stream of silvrey water, as if the mountain sprite, who lives in the cañon, were grieved by the two gray brothers that

seem to be yearning to touch each other, and were weeping silently in her grotto.

The great cliffs far down in the cañon are clothed with the softest moss and exquisite ferns, and the little dripping grottoes in their sides are like the homes of mountain fairies, with their soft, shadowy draperies of beautiful tropical fern and their upholstering of white moss. But as the vast walls of rock tower upward and lift their heads hundreds of feet above the trees at their base, they lose their soft covering, and at last they toss their shaggy heads, rough and bare of life, to the soft caress and the lingering kiss of the breeze, in that land of summer.

The little stream, which leaps from the rocks at one end of the cañon, slips quietly along, mirroring the great tree-trunks and the ferns and mosses on its banks. At one place it widens, and, in the evening, when dusk has already settled in the deep cañon, the tiny, shadowy lake sleeps, surrounded by the dark trees and overhanging walls of rock, and dreams of the sunset sky, far, far above it, catching in its limpid depths the reflection of the soft purple, with its tiny, wandering fleck of crimson, like stray petals blown aloft from a dying rose.

Here, by the side of the little lake, long ago, dwelt a bunch of moss. Sweetly humble and con-

tent, it lay through the many purple nights and perfumed days, looking now at the laughing little brook, with its shining pebbles and dripping ferns, and again at the narrow line of intense heaven floating so far above it.

But one day a stranger appeared in this place of modest, green, dew-wet things. A stray seed fell by the brookside, where it caught a few golden sunbeams each noontime, and a flaunting, golden poppy lifted her graceful head and nodded and smiled at her reflection in the brook. Then the modest ferns drooped their lovely heads further into the shadows, abashed by the proud beauty. The moss forgot the sweet little maiden-hair fern beside it and could look only at the wondrous face of the stranger, the sun-child, which grew on the other side of the purling brook. So the sad little fern beside her withered and died; but he had forgotten all about her, and so, one day, when he could no longer endure his loneliness, the moss decided to slip silently across the little brook to his proud love, who had given him scarcely a second glance. But as the moss dropped softly into the water, a passing breeze caught the proud poppy and scattered her yellow petals, and the brook hurried the inconstant moss away. Then, as he felt himself swept helplessly and quickly along, further and further from his home, he thought of the loving constancy of the green fern, but it was too late, and his tiny tear-drops of dew only fell, unnoticed, into the water. Soon the little brook flowed out of the deep shadow of the sides of the cañon into the "Mountain of Echoes," and the fierce eye of the sun fell upon the drooping stranger borne along by the stream.

On and on, between the fragrant orange groves and peach orchards, whose mingled perfume floated heavily on the air, the drooping little alien was borne. Finally the brook widened and became a river, flowing between broad, level banks. As the river flowed on, it, by and by, slipped along a beautiful, splendid city, and began to murmur to itself of the ocean, toward which it was hastening. All day the breath of the ocean whispered softly to the river, and at last, one evening, the tired moss lifted its drooping head and saw that it was nearing the place which was to be its home forever; and soon it floated out from the land into a boundless world of water toward the fierce eye of the sun as he sank, blazing, behind the distant curve of the horizon. The moss tasted the bitter waters and knew that it must soon die.

One by one the tiny, silvery stars opened their eyes and looked pityingly at the little stranger, lost

and dying, and one sweet, wide-eyed star told a wandering sea-nymph about the moss. Then the gentle-hearted child of the sea came and took the withered moss, and wept over his sad story. In her pity she took him down into the clear depth of the ocean, and planted him there, amidst the silvery glimmer of the sea-sands and the scattered shells, beneath the shadows of a huge rock. There it grew, and so the great family of sea-mosses was born.

But the moss never forgot his lonely home in the mountain, beside the timid fern, and often, when there is a storm and the ocean is angry and wild, he is carried, affrighted by the war and noise, upon foam-crested billows and cast upon the shore. But, alas; the moss cannot live upon the land any more, and he is but a poor, shapeless little mass of delicate tendrils upon the barren sands, forgotten by the yellow poppy and mourned by the gentle child of the ocean.

When the children gazed in open-mouthed wonder into the face of Nawadaha as she finishes her story, she said: "Children, learn from the fate of the sea-moss to be content with your lot. Those alone should bemoan their fate who still grovel in the dark, but lofty souls who look for God can smile wherever their lot is cast." On another occasion, when the children gathered around her asking for a story, she told them of a family who lived on what was the frontier, before the French and Indian War began. One Sunday morning the entire family had gone to the village church, some miles away from their home. This village was surrounded by a stockade, and the church itself was more like a fort than a place of worship.

We have said the entire family, with the exception of one child, a girl, twelve or fourteen years of age. As the child was trying to amuse herself the best she could, and the time became very long, she resolved to go to a sunny place behind the little log-house and see if she could find any plants or the seeds of the flowers she had sown the autumn before. But when she came to the back of the house she looked out over the trail as it lost itself in the forest to the west of her home. She was almost startled to see a large band of Indians emerge from the woods and ride rapidly toward her home.

There was a whole village of them some miles distant in the forest, and many of them had frequently come to her home for something to eat. Her mother always gave them something, and so, whenever they rode by the house on their hunting

expeditions, they always lowered their tomahawks, to show that they were friendly to the people of that home. This time they did not ride by, but halted for milk. The girl gave them what they desired. Before they remounted their horse, Red Squirrel, as their chief was called, gave the little girl a wonderful talisman of beads, tassels, and thongs. "You will soon hear of a war with the pale-faces," he said in broken English, "but hang these over your door, and no Indian will harm you."

By and by, after the Indians had departed, the father and the rest of the family came home from church. That evening he gathered the cattle early, saying, "There are dark rumors of an Indian outbreak, and God alone knows what may occur. It becomes everyone to remain in his own home." Then the little girl told her father what Red Squirrel had said, and she showed him the talisman he had given her.

Some members of the family were in favor of abandoning everything and hastening to the fort; but the little girl said she would trust the Indian chieftain, for she had put his talisman above the door as he had asked her to do. Because of her faith, all remained in their home.

It was not many nights after that before they saw the sky reddening in different places, and they knew that the worst had come. Brave men and women with their innocent children were being murdered, and the fruits of their toil destroyed. During all that long war that home stood unmolested. The man and his family went about their work as in time of peace. No Indian lifted a tomahawk to do anyone any harm.

When Nawadaha had finished, one of the children said, "That talisman seemed a very little thing to preserve in safety a whole family." "Yes," said Nawadaha, "but do you not remember how the children of Israel were preserved from the hand of the destroying angel, who went throughout the land of Egypt and destroyed all the first-born?" Then she opened the Bible and read, "When I see blood I will pass over you." Then she told the children how Jesus Christ has become the surety for the salvation of everyone who trusts in Him. "His blood and righteousness our jewel are and glorious dress." Kind reader, can you say:

[&]quot;I am under the blood, forgiven and blest,

'Tis my ground of acceptance, of safety, of rest;

Nought else could redeem me, nought else could atone,

The blood of the Saviour has power alone;

And I read with rejoicing God's message so true,

'When I see the blood I will pass over you?'"

CHAPTER XXI.

IMPORTANT EVENTS.

The War of the Revolution was now fully begun. In fact, there was not a decade in the life of the colonists during which they could say that there was no foe ready to rob them of their earnings, their homes, and their very life also. But now the greatest conflict in their history was upon them; a conflict which, they were sure, could only end in either forging new fetters upon them or in the birth of a new nation. It was, therefore, necessary to know who was friend and who was foe. Because of the stand Stiegel took, he was considered among those most devoted to the cause of the colonists.

It must be remembered that those who were untrue to the great hearts upon whom the result of the conflict depended were by no means few. In addition to the great number of Tories and traitors, there were jealousies, trickeries, and meanness within the band of patriots, which were a serious hindrance to the success of their soldiers in the field. But with it all, the great body of citizens

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were willing to starve, to shiver with cold, or to swelter in the heat, to tramp over frozen roads, barefoot, and, if necessary, to lay down their lives for the cause of freedom.

Stiegel reckoned himself among the most loyal of the loyal. He was willing to sacrifice ease, comfort, capital, and life even, to bring to a successful issue the war which was spreading death and devastation on every side. He received large contracts for the manufacture of cannon and ammunition with which to beat back the invading army. Soon his furnaces, foundries, and forges were taxed to their utmost. As fast as the supplies of ammunition were gotten ready teams transported them to the front. The greatest inconvenience and loss of time were experienced in the transportation, for at first the supplies were hauled for long distances over rough roads, then they were loaded on slow-going vessels, where there seemed no danger of capture.

The war, which had begun in New England, gradually swept down along the Atlantic coast until in September, 1777, the theatre of war was extended almost to Stiegel's door. Washington had fallen back upon Philadelphia, with the British closely upon his heels. On the 26th of September they took possession of the country round about the city. Congress had hastily gathered itself together

and had fled to Lancaster. When on the 3d of October the battle of Germantown was lost to the Americans, the British took final possession of Philadelphia. Here they held high revel during the winter of '77-78, whilst Washington and his half-clad, starving army of patriots were encamped at Valley Forge. Those were the darkest days of the war for the patriot army. Congress, in alarm, quit the town of Lancaster and fled to York.

Much of the suffering of the American army at Valley Forge was due to the disloyalty and cupidity of the farmers and the citizens in general round about the two armies. Many days passed during which the soldiers of the patriot army did not see or taste meat, whilst the invaders, warmly quartered in the city, had an abundance of the best provisions the country afforded. The farmers stole into the city with their choicest products, and sold them to the enemies of their country for British gold. When Washington could endure this state of affairs no longer he received authority from Congress to seize provisions for his army within a radius of seventy miles of his encampment, paying for the same in colonial scrip. He ordered the farmers to thresh their grain before March first, on pain of having it seized for straw. Many of the farmers were so disloyal and, we may say, inhuman, that they burned what they could not sell, rather than see it fall into the hands of the patriots.

During the entire winter Stiegel was busy. was doing his utmost to furnish supplies of ammunition for the patriots encamped at Valley Forge. The greatest event of the winter, an event which afforded the only diversion all those months, was a visit from the Father of his country. His arrival was heralded by the discharge of cannon and the blowing of whistles. The Baron and as many of his men as could be spared from the works rode out to meet the General. It was the proudest day of Stiegel's life to ride by the great man's side, into the village, and escort him to the great stone mansion, where he and his party spent all the afternoon and night. In the evening there were great bonfires, and the villagers gathered with the farmers from many miles around, to shake the General's hand and to hear what he would say.

In public and in private during his stay at Elizabeth Furnaces, Washington expressed his confidence in the ultimate success and triumph of the patriot army. He did much to cheer the flagging hopes of his countrymen and to drive away the spirit of fear which was beginning to triumph over the stoutest hearts. He also urged Stiegel to hurry his works in the endeavor to meet the demands of

the army. He assured him that in very near future he would make an important move against the enemy.

The reader will remember that it was just a little more than a year before this when Washington crossed the Delaware with twenty-five hundred picked men and several pieces of artillery, surprised Colonel Rahl, who commanded one thousand Hessians in the city of Trenton, and struck a blow so quick, so sharp, and so unexpected that it thrilled the hearts of the patriots and swelled the ranks of the Colonial regiments. In fact, it was the turning point of the war. From that time the destinies of the colonies took a turn for the better, as every reader of history knows. But not everybody knows that five hundred of those same Hessians were brought to Stiegel's works and employed by him in the digging of a race, by means of which an additional supply of water was secured for the works and their capacity greatly increased. This race was over two miles in length, and its course can be traced to this day.

If the conversation which took place between Washington and Stiegel, on what to the settlement and the Baron was a memorable night, could be reproduced, now that one hundred and twenty-five years have passed away and Washington has been assigned his true place in American history and in the history of great men, I am sure that it would be read with the keenest interest; but it can only be imagined from what we know was the mission of the General to the Stiegel home and the status of events. Whatever may be the surprises of the future, the names of our military heroes will stand in the very front of the world's great generals, and leading them all will be the name of Washington. We can, therefore, readily understand how Stiegel's heart swelled with honest pride as in the closing years of his life, when the name of Washington was honored little less than now, he frequently referred to that memorable visit.

Yet with all the valour of contending armies, with all the pomp of military glory, every nation's best and truest men can hope for nothing better than universal peace. But the days of universal peace will never dawn upon this war-cursed earth until the principles of universal justice and love shall rule in the hearts of men and nations through the influence and triumph of the religion of Jesus Christ. For that consummation so devoutly to be wished, let us work and pray. When the war drum will have ceased its roll for many generations, and the proud monuments of our military heroes will begin to crumble, men will marvel that human

beings should ever have been so inhuman as to destroy their fellows for the sake of a little brief glory.

There was one in the old stone mansion who on this occasion acted the part of hostess, one who felt the importance of the occasion as keenly as Stiegel. Our readers can readily guess that this was none other than the gentle Nawadaha. Stiegel was always proud to introduce her as his friend and the beloved companion of his happier days. She was now again fully domesticated and in love with the more refining and ennobling influences of civilized life. The Baron was not always in the stone mansion at the Furnaces. He divided his time between The Castle at Schaefferstown and his commodious house in Manheim. Nawadaha was the head of the house at the Furnaces. She entertained but little, and was a most careful housekeeper.

It would have been better for the Baron had he sought the hand of the woman who now, that his first and only love was dead, was to him more than a sister and kinder than a friend. We have already spoken of the Baron's increasing debts; but now that he was overcrowded with orders for camp and field, he was able to meet his interest promptly and to keep from incurring greater liabilities of becoming a victim for the sheriff's hands. Per-

haps this beaming of the sun of prosperity is only for a little season. Perhaps it is but the Indian summer which heralds the near approach of the winter of his financial disasters. You will admit, kind reader, that so far as you and I can see, he is deserving of a better fate. One thing is sure, the presence of Nawadaha will keep him from running to waste and self-neglect. The very thought that she has confidence in him and looks upon him as a good, true man will keep him from doing anything which would prove him otherwise. But we shall see that she proved herself more than what the vine is to the thunderriven trunk around which it has clung, binding its shattered branches and boughs together. She did more than simply to make him carry himself erect. She became his comfort and solace.

From the time of Washington's encampment at Valley Forge the cloud of war moved southward. But with its departure the trials and privations, which are the constant attendants of war, continued to harass the people of the northern colonies. When the thunder-storm that has for hours devastated a district finally moves away, the people who have felt its effect realize that deliverance has come. It is not at all likely that it will return; but it was not so with the war-clouds which had

hung so long and awfully over the colony of Penn. Though it did move southward, there were few who felt that it would not return with redoubled fury. So the British had planned that it should. They still felt confidence in their ability to subjugate the rebellious colonists. But Providence had decreed otherwise. Everyone is familiar with the greatest event of the American Revolution, the decisive triumph which secured the independence of America, the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, on the 19th of October, 1781. It was this event which prevented the storm which had so long raged around Philadelphia, and had swept into its maelstrom many fortunes and reputations, and what was more—many human lives—from returning.

Four days after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, Lieutenant-Colonel Tilghman, one of Washington's aids, reached Philadelphia at midnight. The joyful news he brought rapidly spread throughout the city. That same night every watchman on his beat added to his usual call, "All's well!" the words, "and Cornwallis is taken!" The old State House bell was set ringing, and in a short time nearly everybody was out on the streets, cheering, shaking hands, and crying for joy. For a little while the neighboring towns were forgotten; but that same day a courier bore the news to Lancaster. Stiegel

heard it the next day. The men were granted a holiday. The three cannon planted at the different places where Stiegel made his home were discharged all the day long at intervals. Men mounted their horses and rode to the place at which the cannon were located, and thus the entire neighborhood, for miles around, heard the glad news of victory. Men everywhere realized that if the signing of the Declaration of Independence was the birth of the American nation, the triumph over Cornwallis was the first really strong evidence of its robust childhood.

The same day that the city of Philadelphia received the news of the surrender, Congress met at an early hour, and the dispatch from the Commander-in-Chief, the immortal Washington, was read. The same afternoon Congress went in a body to the German Lutheran Church, and there returned "thanks to God for crowning the allied armies of the United States and France with victory."

The example of Congress was followed in the towns throughout the province of Pennsylvania. Baron Stiegel assembled his workmen and many others of the village and surrounding neighborhood in the Brickerville Lutheran Church. He himself was the principal speaker. He said, in substance: "The victory of Washington over the

British at Yorktown marks the close of our long struggle for independence. The days of our tribulation and anguish are ended. The time for rejoicing has come. Only a few years ago when Fort Washington and Fort Lee were captured by the British, and two thousand prisoners and much military stores fell into their hands, and Washington with an army of only three thousand patriots fled before this same Cornwallis, flushed and emboldened by victory, from place to place through the province of New Jersey, despair was settling upon our beloved country, like a pall. Now, thanks to our God, the dark clouds have lifted and the sun of light and cheer shines upon our people. To-day we are glad for what God hath wrought.

"When the enemy was at our very door, many of us, like Jacob at Peniel, wrestled all night alone, with the God of battles, that He might permit this infant nation to live, that He might protect our homes from the invader and allow the husbandman to eat the fruits of the land in peace. To-day we realize that He has answered our prayers, to the joy of our hearts. It is, therefore, meet and right that we this day give thanks to the Lord for His goodness and mercy, so that when the millions yet to come shall read of this great victory they may also know that we gave the glory unto God! Unless

the Lord keepeth the city the watchman waketh in vain."

This expression of gratitude on the part of Stiegel was characteristic of the man. He always recognized his dependence upon God. His fervent piety at times made him appear odd before his fellows; but it has always been true that the closer a man walks with God the less he appears like the world. Some of those whom the world to-day calls cranks are the truest patriots and the most noble of men. They have implicit faith in God and the sure fulfillment of His promises. It is true that not all who are called cranks are God's noblemen; but it must be remembered that he whom the Holy Ghost renews leads a transformed life and cannot be conformed to the world.

As was predicted, the war after the surrender of Cornwallis drew rapidly to a close. On May 6th, of the following year, Lord Carleton arranged finally for the evacuation from American soil of all the British troops, and, under God, in a few years thereafter the American nation entered upon its course of development, a growth so rapid and so far-reaching that she has been a marvel in the eyes of the world. There is only one way in which we can account for her marvelous life, and that is by giving true credit to the principles of faith in God

and love of a broad and manly liberty, which characterized the people of our land from the very beginning. The true godliness of such men as Stiegel has given our nation such an impulse on the road to her greatness so that she still lives upon its strength and power. If we and our children walk in the footsteps of our patriot fathers, the future of this land is assured. But it may well be asked whether the transgression of the laws enacted by these same patriot fathers can be continued much longer with impunity. The majesty of the laws lies not so much in the fact that they were enacted by those who laid the foundations of this country's civil and political greatness, as it does in the fact that these laws are the laws of God. God has said: "Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy;" yet the desecration of God's holy day, through unnecessary employment and in unholy pleasures, is one of the sad evidences of decline in our moral and religious life.

The same may be said with regard to the marriage relation. God has said: "For this reason shall a man forsake his father and his mother and cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh," yet divorce is so common in our day that the sanctity of the home is threatened and its hallowed influences destroyed. The results of this open viola-

tion of God's laws will be seen in the national life of the next generation.

God's moral law, as interpreted by the teachings of Jesus Christ, ought to be the ultimate constitution of all governments; for without the keeping of those laws no nation can be great, no matter what may be its natural resources. Because our forefathers foresaw all this, they enacted the laws which in our days of unbelief are called the "old blue laws."

We have seen that the Revolution had done much to develop Stiegel's iron works. It has often been questioned whether the glass industry which he had established at Manheim ever brought him much profit. It cannot be denied that he vied with the best glass manufactories of the Old World in the production of the best glassware. It is true, his workmen were not always the most skillful. Sometimes they got the neck of a glass bottle far to one side, so that some of the old bottles resemble the modern nursing bottles; but his more artistic work compares very favorably, as we have already seen in a former chapter, with the best of his day. Whatever may be said in criticism of any of the wares turned out in any of his industries, it must be remembered that manufactories in the New World, more than in the Old, were in their primitive state. It has required many years of careful work and earnest study to bring them to the present state of perfection. And the end is not yet; what the past has accomplished becomes the pledge for the future.

We have also seen that Stiegel during the most depressing times of the war made some money, and was able to meet the interest on his loans promptly. Everyone who paid any attention to Stiegel's standing in the business world believed that he had safely outlived the crisis which at the opening of the war threatened to overwhelm him. In all the history of our land the times immediately following a war were epochs of financial and commercial development. The War of the Revolution alone is an exception. The close of the struggle left the new nation in a woeful state of exhaustion. Commerce, trade, and almost every kind of business came to a stand. The union between the colonies during the war, after the establishment of peace, threatened to be a rope of sand. This state of affairs continued for some years. The nation seemed as a newly born giant whose very life hung in the balances. Everyone believed in the great possibilities of the infant, provided he could rally from his birth throes.

We have thus dwelt at length upon the general condition of affairs at the close of the war, because we believe that it will help us to account for the events which came to pass in the lives of those in whom these pages are specially interested. If it be true that "The making of friends, who are real friends, is the best token we have of a man's success in life," then these closing years in the events of the man's life in which we are interested were not without their successes as well as their losses.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN PRISON.

Our last chapter described the condition of the country in general. The condition of individuals makes up the public weal or woe. Because of the general stagnation in business for the first few years following the close of the war, the iron industry, which was Stiegel's chief source of income, was paralyzed. The patriots who had fought in the Revolution were paid off with scrip, which, in the unsettled state of political affairs, was little better than the paper upon which it was printed. However much these men, as they returned to their farms, may have desired to furnish themselves with the best utensils for the house, the garden, and the field, they had not the means to purchase them. This was the cause of the stagnation in the iron industry.

Stiegel, for a whole year before the articles of peace were drawn up, realized that this would be the state of affairs, so he did all in his power to retrench; but with it all, he foresaw that another loan would be necessary to tide him safely over the

crisis. He therefore advertised for another large sum of money. He had made a fatal mistake in his former loans in that he pledged his entire property as security for the same. There was little money in the country at the time, and what there was could only be obtained on first-class security. As a consequence of Stiegel's previous injudicious borrowing, there was no one who was willing to advance any money upon the security offered.

The time for the payment of the interest on the loans he had already contracted was rapidly approaching, but there were no funds to pay. Stiegel was in despair. He made one last appeal to his friends. Confucious, the Chinese savant, says: "There are three friendships which are advantageous, and three which are injurious: Friendship with the upright; friendship with the sincere; and friendship with the man of observation; these are advantageous. Friendship with the man of specious airs; friendship with the insinuatingly soft; and friendship with the glib-tongued; these are injurious." Stiegel had made few friends out of the three latter classes; he had many friends among the three former; but because a man is upright and sincere, and because he is a man of keen observation, is not a proof that he can be a deliverer in times of financial distress. It is true Stiegel had

friends who had large sums of money at their command in former times; but now every man felt the pinches of poverty. Many of his friends, like himself, were property poor. They had purchased large tracts of land at nominal prices; but now that taxes were heavy, and there was little or no income from this land, their possessions proved a millstone about their neck, dragging them into the depths of financial ruin.

Stiegel's friends of "specious airs" now kept aloof from the man to whom they never were a help, and to whose distress they could only add, now that the star of his destiny seemed to be hovering on the verge of the horizon. But there were friends who, although they could not avert financial disaster, stood true as steel in those trying days. Their words of sympathy and little acts of kindness were more precious than silver or gold. Happy is the man whose friendships are born of God. Neither time nor circumstances can cause them to wane. Death itself cannot rob us of them. They embody in themselves an ever-widening trust and increasing faith, enduring love and patience. Stiegel had many such friends. For these he was profoundly grateful to heaven. But, on the other hand, he had some of those friends who, when the sun of prosperity shines, flatter and caress, but, when

adversity brings darkness and gloom, slap in the face those whom they formerly caressed; because they fancy they are concealed or the injured are impotent to resent their meanness and their disloyalty. These friends did not scruple to injure his reputation. His character they could not injure. No man can injure another's character, though he tear to tatters his reputation.

Try as best he could, Stiegel found it impossible to raise money sufficient to pay the interest on his Fritz, his old enemy, knew that such was the case. He rubbed his palms with glee as he thought how he could bring the proud Baron on his knees. Notice was served several weeks before the interest was due. It was right that this should be done, but, when the money was not forthcoming on the day it was due, Fritz & Company's attorney at once proceeded to collect according to law. who were the true friends of Stiegel wrote letters to the attorney to extend the time for the payment of the interest; but the attorney told them that he was instructed to push the case at once. There was but one thing for him to do, and that was to follow the instructions of his clients. He knew Stiegel, and, if he had followed his own inclination, it would have been different.

The people of Lancaster and the entire commu-

nity in which the Baron moved were startled, therefore, when they saw big posters describing the real estate of Stiegel, and announcing the fact that on a certain day all would be offered at sheriff's sale for the satisfying of certain loans and the interest thereon accruing. All who read the advertisement marveled that all of Stiegel's real estate was minutely described. There could be no mistaking the fact, Stiegel had evidently given all his property in securing his creditors. The creditors were unknown in the community. People wondered how it happened that men doing business hundreds of miles away should be Stiegel's creditors.

When at last the day of sale arrived there were few to bid except those who had made the loan. They became the purchasers at their own price of property that was worth many times the amount of the loan. Stiegel had done his utmost to secure someone to buy the property and satisfy the loan, but it was all in vain. Everybody was poverty-stricken so far as ready money was concerned, although many owned much real estate. The Baron did not attend the sale. He had friends who tried to look after his interests, but, having little money, they bought sparingly. Thus it was that the richest man in the community became poor in one hour.

We have already intimated that Stiegel was not the only man who in those times proved the fickleness of fortune. Another noted example was the distinguished Robert Morris, who at one time was the wealthiest man in America. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, a member of Congress, and one of the most honored of men. He, by his own personal effort and by giving his own securities for \$50,000.00, which amount was due the starving men whose term of enlistment had expired, kept the war from coming to a standstill and failure during the dark days of 1777. This same patriot knew, toward the close of his life, the direst want. He was thrown into prison because he could not pay his debts, and kept there as long as the law permitted. In deepest distress he wrote to a friend: "I have no money to buy bread for my family." We dwell upon this incident to show that reverses of fortune in those days befell those who stood high in the estimation of the public. Though poverty in those times was attended by sorer trials than fall to the lot of the poor, ordinarily, in our day, there was not that systematic charity and benevolence which in our day delivers the worthy poor from the pangs of hunger. Many a poor man languished in prison because he could not pay his debts to his fellow-man until, instead of paying the

debt to man, he paid the debt to nature, and in many cases became free forever.

May it not have been in some cases the Master's way of calling the sufferer to a sense of his dependence upon God, instead of upon his wealth, for the best that this life can give? We do not positively affirm that this was the case with Stiegel, but we do assert that the failure which brought him to the feet of his creditors brought him to a more lowly and consecrated life in his Lord.

After the sheriff's sale, some of Stiegel's friends bought a portion of his property in their own name from his unsuspecting creditor. Having thus made themselves master of the Elizabeth Furnaces, they gave them into Stiegel's management. He worked with his old-time vigor; and, with the coming of better times, he was able to pay his floating indebtedness until but little remained unpaid; but his sworn enemy, who watched him closely in his manful struggles to recover himself, alarmed those whom he still owed, and, perhaps, paid them to push Stiegel at a time when his friends could do no more for him, and the Baron was cast into prison.

In those days the horrors of prison life were more awful than anything that befalls the worst of criminals now. The murderer and the felon were huddled together in the common pen with the prisoner for debt, who, as we have already seen, often was the noblest of men. So soon as a new victim arrived he was set upon by the whole gang of halfstarved wretches, who robbed him of everything valuable he possessed. It is true that the soul is its own place and can make a heaven out of hell, but we can readily understand that the pure soul of Stiegel would feel the indignity of prison life most keenly, and shrink with horror from the companionship of men so vile as were some of the inmates of the Lancaster prison at that time. It is impossible for anyone who has not had his experience to appreciate his feelings in those long, long days and nights of horror, when it must have seemed to him that he was not only forsaken by his friends, but by his heavenly Father also.

No one can solve the deep riddles of this life; no one can fathom the mysteries of divine Providence. "How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" But we must not forget that He has assured us that "All things work together for good to them that love God." We must not for one moment believe that God delights in the affliction of any of His children; but He does permit affliction to come to teach His people the vanity of all earthly things. They be-

come His refining fire through which He burns away the dross and causes the gold to shine in all its splendor. When the soul yields itself to the gracious influences of the Spirit it soars to heights that it could never have attained when it was clogged by the weights which the world is so ready to fasten upon God's children. No wonder that Christ prayed for His disciples that the Father should keep them from evil.

It is said that once upon a time a great prince built a magnificent cathedral. The tower was specially constructed for the accommodation of a beautiful chime of bells. The bells were cast by men who understood their business, and, when they were ready, they were hung, with the utmost care, in the great belfry. The most skilfull operator in the kingdom was secured to play the chime, morning and evening, every day in the year and oftener on the Sabbath. The bells were not played upon until the day of dedication of the cathedral arrived. Then the artist took his place and began to play majestic music, but the brazen tongues gave forth only discordant sounds. Again and again he tried, but the result was always the same. Other masters were summoned, but with no better effect. At length, in despair, the bells were permitted to hang in silence in the great tower.

One day, years after the dedication, a great thunder-storm passed over the city. When the storm was at its height a flash of lightning struck the tower, and for a moment the bells became a halo of glory to the cathedral, as the lightning flashed from their metallic sides. At the same time the people of the city heard one peal of music.

The next day the old artist was summoned from his retirement. Once more he tried the unused levers. As he pressed now one and another the bells sent forth the most delicious and mellowed strains. Ever since they send forth their rich music over the city and the surrounding country. The refining fires of heaven attuned them to heaven's music.

So, in this sin-cursed earth, affliction seems necessary, and, above all, the refining fire of the Holy Ghost, before man will reflect the image of his Maker, and his life give forth its richest harmonies. We believe that God overrules the devil's efforts to destroy Christ's followers, to their best and lasting benefit.

"The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil," and "They that desire to be rich fall into a temptation and a snare and many foolish and hurtful lusts, such as drown men in destruction and perdition" (I Tim. vi. 10, 9). Someone has said,

one can tell what God thinks of riches from the kind of people to whom He gives them. It is true that it is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, but it is also true that Christ and His cause have had some of their best and most devoted friends among the rich. God does not desire any of His children to become the servants of their wealth. So soon as they do, they can no longer be His servants. But God does not delight in poverty. He shows His love for abundance in the profusion of the flowers, the multitude of the stars, the wonderful variety of grains and fruits, and even in the different kinds of minerals and precious stones. Want is artificial. Sin has caused poverty. God has abundance for everyone of His children, but sin and the devil prevent them for a little season from receiving what God will finally give them, for He has promised them that they "Shall inherit the earth."

Some people must be deprived of their earthly possessions before they will go to God and ask Him for His grace, so that they may live closer to Him. Some of our most devout prayers have so much of the odor of the earth about them, because they implore for earthly things, and so can never become as incense before God. When we ask for purely spiritual gifts we become God's dear children, and

come to Him as the child comes to its mother for the touch of her caressing hand and for the print of her loving kiss. Then it is that our prayers are gathered as incense into God's golden censer for a sweet-smelling savor in heaven.

Whatever unholy influence Stiegel's wealth may have wielded over his spiritual life, it is certain now, that it was all gone, the long and weary days that he languished in prison showed him where he might have done better. All the years of his busy life he had tried to serve his Master and do good to his fellow-men; now he was deprived of freedom, but not of the power to serve both his Master and his fellow-men. It is true he was restricted, but the bird in his cage can sing just as sweetly as when it sings from the green branches of the forest, and so Stiegel could do deeds of kindness in his prison which, in the sight of heaven, were just as acceptable as when he deeded lots upon which to erect churches, or gave largely for the buildings.

At first Stiegel was held in contempt by his fellow-prisoners, for the simple reason that they had learned that he was a Baron. He was made the butt of many a rude joke and the object of many a cruel word. But he showed no resentment. He sat for hours with his face concealed behind his shapely palms. Those who observed him saw his lips

move, and they knew that he was in prayer. His sad smiles and his aristocratic countenance, which daily became more pale and pinched, gave him an appearance such as the artist would seek for a model from which to sketch the picture of the saint. Visitors came now and then from the city itself, but more frequently from the neighborhood where once he had been the prosperous and benevolent Baron. They brought him many necessities, some luxuries. Their kind words, more than their gifts, did much to soothe his aching heart.

In the Tower in London a distinguished prisoner, more than three hundred years ago, scratched upon the walls of the room in which he was confined the significant words: "The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversities; for men are not killed with the adversities they have, but with the impatience they suffer." Stiegel had been in the school of sorrow before he entered the prison, and so had learned patience, but patience had not yet had her perfect work. Now she brought to his life the healing balm, the ointment for his wounded heart; and so made his bondage the opening of the door which led him into a more perfect liberty than he knew even when men made obeisance to him and he was free to go where he pleased.

There was one gentle minister in all his sorrow who hovered near the grim walls of his prison. Nawadaha, though she was compelled to leave the home which during all her life in America, with the exception of the years of her captivity, had been the centre around which her heart turned, never for a moment forgot the Baron who had shown her so many kindnesses. Lancaster became her home. She had learned many remedies for the ills to which mortal flesh is heir from the Indians; and now that she was dependent upon her own resources, she concocted medicines for which she received more than enough to keep the wolf from her own door and to supply the prisoner, who was her dearest friend on earth, with all the necessities for his prison life. In fact, she was his ministering angel who presided over those dark days of his life in prison, robbing them of much of their gloom and sorrow. Twice a week the keeper permitted her to enter the abode of confinement. The other prisoners called her "Stiegel's sunshine," and when she came they respectfully left the two to themselves in the large room of the prison. Her face was always cheerful. If her heart was sore with Stiegel's trials, she always managed to keep the sunshine in her countenance. Often when she quit the prison and the great oaken door closed behind her, her long lashes could not restrain the tears that persisted to well from her eyes.

Stiegel had brought his Bible with him to cheer his loneliness, and to teach him in the hours of his sorest trials. He thought that he knew its deep truths and their meaning; but now that he was so much in prayer and asked so often for light, the old passages which he knew by heart, and which he had so often quoted for others, received a new meaning for his own soul. The pious music of its Psalms rippled so gently and so sweetly in his soul that it became the music of heaven. The plaintive strains of Job cheered his heart, because they taught him how a man may suffer though he be steadfast as a rock in his allegiance to his Lord. Too often the Bible had been to him as it is to so many Christians, a garden of spices in which one may walk and sniff here and there a fragrant odor; but now it became to him a mine in which were all manner of precious stones, which are to be had by anyone who will take the pains to delve therein and dig for himself.

You see, therefore, kind reader, that Stiegel had much for which to be thankful; although, being thrust into prison, it seemed as if he had lost all. He had friends in the world, pre-eminent among whom was Nawadaha. He knew that no matter

what might come, so long as she lived, he would not lack the friendship of her great heart. He had God's Spirit to light his gloom and God's Word to comfort and sustain him, and to be the avenue along which the Spirit could come and speak to his heart. He had opportunities for doing good. That life which has the power and inclination to minister to others can never be a lonely life. And so with all these gifts from his kind heavenly Father, and many others, such as health, and food, and raiment, we must leave him at the close of this chapter, a tenant of a prison, the associate, but not the accomplice, of criminals.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DELIVERANCE.

WE have seen how Fritz and his brothers became the possessors of what Stiegel had inherited and of what he had accumulated in all the years of his business career. In the sight of the law of man he was the legitimate owner; but in the sight of God he was not treating his brother man justly. He was not obeying Christ's rule, "As ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them." He might have given Stiegel a competence for life and still have secured with usury all that he had loaned, but Fritz was the last man from whom this could be expected, and would have been the last of the race to acknowledge it.

We have seen that from the time he met Stiegel in the New World, he determined to ruin him. For many years he had no idea that he could ruin him financially; but he felt that he must in some way rob him of happiness, even if it were necessary to take his life.

We heard recently of a man who was exploring a little cave in New Mexico. The most he hoped (260)

to find in reward for his research was a bone or trinket of some ancient people, but, as he carefully crept into the utmost recesses with his torch or lantern in hand, the supposed rocky bed beneath him suddenly gave way and he was precipitated into a much larger cavern, some feet beneath the one in which he had been. There, to his surprise, he found the ruins of an old idolatrous temple, lamps, altars, and many other relics of a prehistoric He became the possessor of more than he could have hoped for when he entered the upper cave; but, after all, it was only that which the prehistoric people could own only for a little time. They had been compelled to abandon it all long centuries before. So Fritz, searching for a means of injuring another, suddenly found more than he had hoped; but although he thus enriched himself and gratified his revenge, we know that he could possess this property, which in God's sight he held unjustly, only for a little while. Stiegel was compelled to abandon his possessions before he went into the eternal world; Fritz was compelled to give them up with the departure from this life. Eternity alone will declare how much better it was for Stiegel to be stripped of all his earthly possessions, and how much worse it was for Fritz to get them.

Fritz was still in the old business of Indian

trader when he and his brothers became the possessors of the Stiegel estates. Fritz enjoyed this rather wild life. It gave him so many opportunities for the gratification of his depraved appetites; although he never became a drunkard. He drank less now than ever before, largely because he felt that no drunkard can hold on to a fortune any more than he can make one; but, because drunkenness is a sin, would, in itself, never have caused Fritz to live a sober life.

For a long time Fritz gave himself no concern about Stiegel. He had learned that his minor creditors had put him in jail because he could not pay them what he owed, and so Fritz felt satisfied that he would finally die in jail, the very fate to which Stiegel's testimony so justly consigned Fritz some years before, and from which he freed himself as by a miracle. Whenever he spoke of his escape to his brothers he always extolled his bravery and skill, and added Schiller's quotation from William Tell, "Was etwas werden will das uebt sich frie" (he who would become of consequence makes early effort). A poetic truth may be true of the devil as well as of a saint in light. We know that our readers are able to judge, from what they have learned of Fritz, to which personage he bore the more striking resemblance.

As the months of Stiegel's imprisonment slowly lengthened into the first year, Fritz became dissatisfied with the measure of success he had already attained in making Stiegel wretched, so he began to send him frequent, sarcastic, and insulting letters. Stiegel at first read these letters and felt their sting, but, when once he had learned to know the hand that wrote them, he consigned them to the flames unopened. These letters were no longer unsigned as those had been which he sent to Elizabeth, but every one of them breathed the soul of venom.

We have seen how Nawadaha, without a murmur, left her home at the Furnaces and established herself in the town of Lancaster. She now began to look upon her captivity with the Indians as one of those mysterious and painful dispensations which, in the end, yield a rich return, and thus unmistakably prove that God's hand is in them. She used to say: "The very reason we see in this life already that those things which we considered void of all good were really for the best is a sure proof that, when we get to the other shore, we will be convinced that God was constantly doing all things for our good. When He fails, it is because we cast hindrances in His way."

She believed that Providence had permitted Stiegel to be stripped of his property in order that he might fit him for a special place in the life to come. Her coming to Lancaster for the purpose of selling her medicines she considered as the leading of God's hand in order that she might better minister to Stiegel in the long and painful preparation he was undergoing for the place God wished him to occupy.

One Saturday evening the girl who attended to business in her little drug-store, when Nawadaha was out, came into the sitting-room, saying that a well-dressed gentleman was in the store inquiring for her. He did not send his name, but wished to see Nawadaha on special business. Nawadaha entered as soon as she could, and, although Fritz had laid aside his garb of hunter and frontiersman and had a powdered wig and great silver buckles on his shoes, a "swallow-tail" coat with great brass buttons, Nawadaha felt a little shiver pass through her frame as she recognized who it was that stood before her.

Fritz made her a profound bow as she entered, and extended his hand in friendly salutation. The woman allowed him to grasp her hand, but quickly withdrew it, then looked him full in the face, as she asked him how she might serve him.

Fritz said that he was perfectly well, and that he had simply called to look into her honest face and

express his gratification that she had at length passed from under the power of the man Stiegel.

Nawadaha replied that she had never been in the power of Stiegel, as he chose to term Stiegel's friendship for her. That she thought as much of the Baron as she had ever done, and that she would not allow anyone to speak disrespectfully of him, now that she knew that he needed a true friend. She considered it unwomanly to cast away a sincere friend simply because his life was clouded with the shadow of a great calamity.

Fritz shrugged his shoulders, and said: "Oh, come now. Do not think that I would rob Stiegel of your or anyone's friendship. He needs all the friends he can get or he will rot in prison. You remember the offer I made you when last I saw you in the forest? That offer I have come to renew. It remains for you to say whether you will be a lady for the rest of your life or whether you will be the paramour of a jail-bird."

Nawadaha's eyes flashed as she stepped forth from behind the counter, and, seizing a weight with which she was in the habit of weighing herbs, she hurled it at the thick head of her would-be lover. He dodged the missile, and it passed through one of the little window panes in her door, out into the street. The jingle of breaking glass attracted the attention of a passer-by, who came to see what had caused the trouble. It was fortunate that the new-comer was a friend of Nawadaha, for she had frequently ministered in his family. He therefore advised Fritz to leave, or he would see that he would be promptly arrested.

Fritz was thoroughly mad by this time. He told the man that he would yet be compelled to apologize to him in person; for he little knew that he was speaking to a nobleman. Then, turning to Nawadaha, he said: "Depend upon it, you will yet be humbled. I will see to it that you will rot in jail, but not at the side of the beggar to whom you are so devoted. You must remember you were in my power before this, and the time will come when you will be crushed by these very hands which a few moments ago offered you a home and a shelter."

Nawadaha was too indignant to listen to the man who had insulted her. She swept into the house and closed the door behind her. This was the last visit she ever had from the man who had threatened to take her life if she did not do his bidding, when he looked upon her as a helpless captive in the forest.

Fritz came to Lancaster with the intention of making that place his home. He saw what others well knew, that he was a man of wealth, now that he was part owner of the Stiegel estate. It was not long after his interview that he purchased one of the most commodious dwellings in the town and furnished it. At the same time he opened a store in which he offered very much the same articles that he had been selling on the frontier. He was a frequent visitor at the Furnaces, which were managed by his brothers, who now also occupied the stone house.

So the months passed on. Stiegel still languished in prison; but the faithful Nawadaha never relaxed any effort which looked toward his liberation. At times it seemed as if she were the only person in all the world who thought of Stiegel at all. He might as well have been dead as alive, so far as most of the people who had once fed on his bounty were concerned. The visits of the people in the country became less and less frequent. Stiegel would have starved and become the prey of the prison vermin had it not been for the unselfish ministrations of Nawadaha. The narrow little room, which she managed to retain for his private accommodations, had one little window through which Stiegel could look out into the world and see the changes that were constantly taking place in the now rapidly growing town of Lancaster. Through it, when the days were bright, he could hear the songs of the birds and catch the deeper tones of the church-bell as it, every Sabbath, summoned the people to worship. At night, for nine long months in the year, he could see for a few hours a bright star twinkling far away in the sky. It seemed to Stiegel that the star must know his strange, sad history, for at times it became almost invisible to his dim eyes, as if it averted its face in pity; then again it glistened and glowed as if indignant at his cruel fate. Of course, Stiegel knew that he only imagined all this; but then it was such a comfort to think that the God who made the stars was mindful of him, and knew his sad heart.

In the days of his prison life he thought frequently of Martin Luther, who was compelled to hide away from his enemies for a whole year. He recalled the prodigious work the great Reformer accomplished during the months of his banishment, and Stiegel tried to emulate the man whom he had always considered the greatest since the days of the apostles. He realized that there were no Scriptures for him to translate, but he spent much of his time in writing the prayers which were the petitions of his soul to his God. Some of these prayers are still extant, and show his deep piety, and the depth of his mental anguish because of his disgrace and poverty.

He knew, too, that Bunyan, who was more akin to Stiegel than the great Reformer, although he was of a different nationality, had immortalized himself by what he wrote during his confinement. The more he thought the more he felt that God had some work for him, and that it was to be a different work from any he had as yet done, else he would not have allowed him to come to the dreadful prison. He felt, too, that if he would cleave closely to his Lord, who had endured so much for him at the hands of grossest injustice, he would best find that work, whatever it might be. And thus it was that, as the days passed on, Stiegel became more Christ-like, and thus better fitted for the place Nawadaha felt so sure he was to occupy in God's eternal kingdom.

Just as the sculptor causes the marble block to be taken out of its native place and has it brought to his studio, where it is subject to the sharp chisel and the strokes of the heavy maul until it is entirely transformed, so God has brought many precious lives from their surroundings and has subjected them to the severest trials until they become new creatures in Christ Jesus. After all, the marble will only be a representation, but, in the grace of God, men become the saints in light, the heirs of immortal glory.

Whilst Stiegel sat in the solitude of his prison, and his heart tried to solve the deep things of God and His ways with His wavering children, Nawadaha was busy with many men and women, relieving one of aches and pains and taking another into her confidence in her efforts to set at liberty the man who was her only real friend in the whole world. When spring came and Stiegel heard the song of the robin through his little window in the narrow room, his soul went out to the broad fields in the country where he knew the cattle were grazing. He saw in imagination the edges of the forest fringed with the deep green of the pasture fields, and the soft brown of the newly up-turned soil, and his heart yearned to be free. Death that spring mowed a deep swathe behind the stone wall where the sun of love so seldom beamed, and where hearts as well as hands shriveled for want of nourishment. The sorrow and suffering of others more helpless and friendless than himself caused him to forget his own trials. So the days sped along, though, with the exception of the bright sun without and the occasional breeze ladened with the perfume of violets, it might as well have been bleak November, so far as the light and cheer of the season were concerned in that gloomy stone prison. But Stiegel was busy with his ministrations, and

saw more and more how God needed him to lead those who had been shipwrecked on life's ocean into the snug harbor. More "God bless you" came to him from the lips of the dying than he had ever heard in all the life outside. Nawadaha, too, frequently came and brought others with her. Together they sang and read and prayed, and thus it was that many had been led to prison in order that they might be "free indeed." When she came she always brought food for the soul and body both. Thus it was that she became a ministering angel to all within the gloomy walls.

All that summer, when at last the hand of death was stayed in the prison, Nawadaha was busy working for Stiegel's freedom. She felt that if he would be compelled to remain in the dismal place another winter, it would be his last on earth. Friends began to flock to her help. Her devotion inspired them to help her. They realized that they could not pay Stiegel's indebtedness, for it seemed that debtors sprung up in every quarter, when once it was thought that benevolent people would pay his debts. Finally she was advised to petition the Legislature, which was to meet in regular session. We cannot here produce the petition which was duly drawn up and signed by many who had known the Baron, and by some who were his friends. Just

as soon as Nawadaha had succeeded in getting the names of the most distinguished men in Lancaster and in Philadelphia, she had no trouble in getting others. It was not that these others wished Stiegel to be free, but that they wished the law-makers to understand that they were men of influence. At the head of the petition was the prayer of Stiegel petitioning the "Honorable Body" to set him free. The signers merely seconded the prayer of the distressed Baron. Finally the petition was sent, and nothing was heard of it for more than a month. Stiegel felt sure that they had heard the last; Nawadaha feared he might be correct. Finally Nawadaha heard that there was every probability that it would be passed. She kept the glad news in her heart, simply telling Stiegel not to be discouraged.

The life of summer had ebbed away. Once more the leaves were turning color and noiselessly flitting to the ground. Then the first snow fell, and the old men behind the cold stone walls of the prison shivered before the scant fire on the great hearth. Stiegel sat among them. He was extremely pale. The hand with which he pulled his cloak about him shook as if palsied; but it was neither cold nor weakness that caused his heart to tremble. The thought that the long, cold winter would find him

in the same place of wickedness nearly broke his really brave heart.

Just two weeks from that night, the eve before Christmas, the night which commemorates the time when the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good-will," and then disappeared in the unscarred heavens, leaving no wake of their shining presence, Stiegel was sitting before the fire as was his custom. who had gathered there were silent. The thoughts of some went back to the days of their childhood, when in the Old World, the day of all days when their hearts were happiest, they sat at the Christmas board and ate and drank with those whom they knew they would see in this world no more. But of them all, no heart was so full of sad thoughts as Stiegel's. None in that company of disappointed lives had had such abundance as he; none felt the anguish so keenly as he. Deeply beneath his silence the craters of sorrow threatened a shower of scalding tears.

The little company of wretches heard the tinkle of the bell in the office, which was the signal that someone without had sounded the brass knocker and that the door leading to the street was about to be opened. It was unnecessary to close the door leading to the outside entrance, for none of the wretches

gathered about the open hearth would have escaped that cold winter night, even if it had been possible. Soon the prisoners heard the sound of voices. Stiegel in an instant recognized the voice of Nawadaha. He rose from his broken, three-legged stool and approached the door leading to the hall, although he knew that it was locked. Scarcely had he gotten there before the bar was pushed back and Nawadaha stepped into the prison and seized Steigel by the hand, at the same time saying, "Baron, at last you are free."

Stiegel, with a voice trembling with emotion, exclaimed, "Praise the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits." Then, taking Nawadaha in his arms, he imprinted a kiss upon her forehead, as he had done years before when he received her into freedom.

It took only a few moments until Stiegel was wrapped in the new mantle which those with Nawadaha had brought, and, with a pair of new, strong shoes on his feet, he bade his fellow-prisoners adieu. He went out from his incarceration of more than two years as happy as a child. Those who remained in prison were not forgotten by those who had opened the door for Stiegel. Nawadaha brought with her many little tokens of the season, and thus those who remained were happy in their way.

Stiegel was taken to the house of a friend who had seconded every effort of Nawadaha for his release. Here we will leave him for the present. For the first time in all his life, he knew the sweets of liberty because he had been so long a captive.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A PREACHER.

STIEGEL had spent many a happy Christmas during his life of more than fifty years, but in all his life he was never so happy. The friend who took him to his home told him to give himself no concern for the future. In his commodious home he had all the comforts the times afforded. What is more, on that Christmas day the sun shone from an unclouded sky. Its light and cheer came to Stiegel as a messenger from heaven to specially cheer and comfort his soul on this the gladdest day of the year. For nearly two years he had only seen a single beam of its light creep day by day through the narrow window in his room and slowly trace a shining path across the floor.

That day a number of Stiegel's friends came to the house in which he was staying. Nawadaha was there, and after the Christmas feast was over she sang in her clear tones, with closed eyes, the sweet Christmas carols she had learned in the homeland. The tears rained silently from every eye as the rich tones of her voice warbled forth music sweet as if an angel sang. The memory, aided by the song, went to the scenes of childhood, and then, realizing how short and hasty our lives are, awoke the nobler faculties of the soul, kindling hope and strengthening faith.

During that day Stiegel also made up his mind that there remained a work for him; and that the prison doors had been opened in the providence of God at the most opportune time. He learned that a pastor was needed at Brickerville, in the very church to which his heart was bound by many tender associations. For in it he had wed his Elizabeth. In it he had shared in the last solemn service to her memory, and in the adjoining "God'sacre" she lay sleeping, awaiting the resurrection morn. How his heart had often yearned to stand in the church once more and to engage in one service before he died. Now that he had the opportunity to become the pastor of the congregation which worshiped in that very church made his heart overflow with gratitude. It made him tremblingly eager to know positively whether he really could become the pastor of that church, and that, too, when he was inclined to think that there was nothing for him to do but live on the bounty of his

friends until the Master should call him to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

It must be borne in mind that in the early days of the Lutheran Church in America preachers were not as plentiful as they are to-day. For many years our Lutheran congregations depended entirely upon Germany for their pastors. Some of the great denominations established colleges very early; but the Lutherans were slow in founding educational institutions. The Theological Seminary at Gettysburg was not established until 1826. A classical school was begun in the same place in June, 1827. In 1832 a charter was granted, and the Gettysburg Gymnasium became Pennsylvania College. Yale College was founded in 1701, and had done much for the churches of New England during a century and a quarter before the Lutherans of the New World did much for the education of their people or hoped for a native ministry. It is impossible to calculate the loss sustained because of this neglect. Our Church continued to be a foreign church long after her members, or at least the majority of them, ceased to be foreign. A supply of foreign preachers kept the church to foreign or at least to un-American ways. When a preacher was needed congregations were kept waiting many weary months before one could be furnished. This accounts for the fact that Stiegel could become the pastor of the people among whom he had once worshiped.

After a time the lack of ministers in this country was supplied by pastors themselves, who searched out promising young men in their congregations and educated them in their own studies. However much this may have done for the young men and for the churches, the system had in it much that is objectionable. In those days young men who were just entering the ministry were regarded with suspicion. Quite the contrary is true in our day. Old men, that is, men of experience and piety as well, are set aside for no palpable reason whatever than that a young man is more acceptable. We do not say this as an argument against our present system of education, but as one of the lamentable signs of the time.

Stiegel was ready to enter upon his new calling just as soon as his friends would allow him. To them it was quite evident that he had suffered much during his confinement, and that he was by no means ready to enter upon his arduous work as preacher and teacher. There are those who think the work of the minister of Christ an easy work; but it is because they know nothing of its cares, its labors, and its responsibilities. The physical

endurance necessary in the work of the ministry is by no means to be undervalued. Even in the city, the pastor must be able to go out in all kinds of weather, preach in rooms crowded with people and illy ventilated. He is exposed to drafts and to suffocating and stifling atmosphere. In the country it is even worse. There he must be out whole days, in heat and cold. Then, too, the nervous strain that is constantly upon him as he stands before his people, is enough to sap his physical vigor.

The mental and spiritual preparation necessary every week is such as no man in any other profession endures. Twice every week, at least, in our cities, the preacher must address the same people on some phase of spiritual truth. They come before him from every station in life, and every degree of worldliness, and he is expected not only to kindle the flame of devotion upon the altars of their hearts, but also to interest and instruct them mentally as well as spiritually. He may have entered upon his work as does the lawyer or lecturer, but, if so, the people will soon look upon him as they would upon a skeleton holding aloft in his icy hand a lamp by whose light he does not walk.

It is a question with some whether, in our day, the young men who are offered free tuition, free sustenance, during a long course of study, in order that they may be able to enter the ministry, are always the very best material for the high and holy office. It cannot be denied, however, that some of the most efficient men in the Gospel ministry entered by this very door.

Stiegel had received his mental preparation in the schools of the Old World. He had been through the gymnasium and the university, and was well educated in the languages and in the sciences, so far as the sciences were known at that day. His long career as a business man was also an excellent qualification for his work; but the most important preparation he had received in the jail at Lancaster. There he had been taught the vanity of all earthly things. His heart had gone out in unutterable longing after something satisfying and permanent. His first deep religious experience he had received when he believed his death imminent, and the divine life implanted in his heart that night, when an Indian captive, had taken root and grown; but at times the gains and the losses, the pleasures and the crosses, of his life threatened to destroy the work of the Holy Spirit. But it was entirely different when he lost his property and most of the friends in whom he had trusted. then dedicated his life to his Master, determined that he would spend his remaining days in trying

to win souls for the Master. We say, therefore, that Stiegel's preparation was thorough. He had learned the vanity of all earthly things, and he had acquired the deep spiritual truths of God's Word.

We must not forget to call attention to his education in the parochial school of his native Germany. There he had learned the commandments, the creed, and "the order of salvation," and he never forgot them. There are those who depreciate the value of catechetical instruction and emphasize "experimental religion," but without knowledge of God's Word the Spirit can do but little for the salvation of a soul. The wisest of men has said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom."

At length Stiegel had recuperated sufficiently, in the estimation of his friends, to enter upon his work at Brickerville. The community in which Stiegel had moved for years knew of his coming. They knew, too, that he had been in prison, but they knew, also that his character was pure. He had been the associate of thieves, but not their companion. He had been with murderers, but he had not stained so much as his finger with any man's blood. The purest gold may be carried by the thief for years, but it still remains pure gold. So it had been with Stiegel. The gold of his being

had been enhanced instead of depreciated, and so the people gathered in great numbers to hear the Word from his lips. They had heard him before; in the days of his prosperity he had spoken to them of the necessity of a pure, moral life. He had spoken to them of the majesty of God and of His great wisdom. Their minds had often been dazed by his erudition, and so they wondered what he would say to them on this cold February morning. Would he discourse to them of the hoar-frost, gray as ashes, of the snow, like wool, and of the purity of the God who made them?

They did not long wonder what he would say. They saw him first as he slowly, and it seemed almost painfully, advanced from the door to the chancel. His blue eyes were swimming in tears as he looked out over the assemblage of his neighbors and former wokmen. When he read to them from the fifth chapter of I John, his voice trembled with emotion. When he prayed, he seemed to offer the petition which each soul had felt and known, but which none had so well expressed to his heavenly Father. He seemed to look into every heart, and gather together into one mighty heap all the cares and sorrows and heartaches and longings of his people, and then to roll them all upon the ready shoulders of Jesus. At last he stood before them

in the little goblet-like pulpit far above their heads. In tones trembling with emotion he said, "Who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" His theme was victory over the strongest foe, and how it is obtained. As he showed how this foe, the world, entrenches itself in every apartment of the soul, and tries to drive out love, joy, and worship, and tries to fill its chambers with earthly and material things, they realized that he was speaking of what had once been his own experience. When he showed how the Holy Spirit, the author of our faith, must strip us of all the earthly things in which we trust, before He can lead our souls through the green pastures of the hidden life, and slake our thirst with the still waters which flow from the eternal Word, his congregation also realized that he was given his own experience; but at the same time he kindled in their own dissatisfied hearts and lives such a longing after God and heaven as they had never felt in all their life before. His words came burning with the love of God from his heart and imbedded themselves in the hearts of his hearers.

When he was done, the sighing and weeping which his appeal to his hearers had evoked continued for some minutes. After the benediction, many came and wrung his hands, thanking him for

the message. One old mother said that, like John, it was necessary for him to be banished from his associates in order that he might have a vision of God and heaven. All resolved that by the help of God they would leave their dull, worldly pursuits of happiness and set their affections on things above.

We need not dwell upon the services which Stiegel conducted Sabbath after Sabbath in the church at Brickerville and elsewhere. Many souls were added to the church, and those who were in the church before Stiegel came were built up in the faith. Those were happy days for the Baron. He lived in quiet contentment in the parsonage which his own funds had built in his better days, and which was his home now, simply because it was not his property. Like bread cast upon the waters, this home had come back to him at least for a season, when otherwise he would not have had where to lay his head. It is true he had a small income. He had but one servant—an aged woman—who was his cook, his chambermaid, and general servant. He was his own hostler. No cannon now boomed at his approach. No outriders were necessary to clear the way before him as in the olden time.

Once Stiegel would have scorned this humble life, but now the very heavens seemed bluer and the stars shone brighter than they did before his banishment from the scenes which he had looked upon with contempt rather than with gratitude and admiration, simply because they were so familiar to him. Neither was it a question with him now what he made in dollars and cents, but the allabsorbing thought was what he did for those around him, to make their world brighter and better.

It is true, his audiences were not always inspiring, either because of their size or their intelligence, but that was not his incentive to the preaching of the Word. His only ambition was to convert the sinner from the error of his ways and to build up the saint in the faith. From time to time he felt that he was not failing either as to the first or the second desire of his heart. Furthermore, he believed the Spirit, when He says, "My Word shall not return unto Me void, but shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it."

It is said of a missionary among the lumbermen of the Northwest, that one day he felt strangely impelled to go and preach in what he believed to be a deserted camp. He went and found not a soul in sight; but he preached nevertheless, addressing the empty air, as he supposed. Many months afterward he met a man along a mountain road, who, after passing him, called after him, saying, "It seems to me I have seen you before." Then after looking him over for a little he said, "I remember now. I heard you preach when you thought no one was hearing you. What you said that day was the means of bringing me to Christ. Ever since my conversion I have been preaching to my fellowworkmen, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that many have given their hearts to God."

Eternity alone will reveal what every word spoken in the Master's name has or will accomplish. By the help of His Spirit every effort made for the good of anyone will not be without result. It is not learning nor the most choice language which alone accomplishes the best results. During the revival in Ireland, the land cursed by ignorance and Romanism, a poor Irishman was brought to accept Christ as his Saviour. He afterward went into some mills in Scotland and told the simple story of his conversion. Out of the thirteen hundred people employed in the mills where he spoke, six hundred were brought to Christ. The immortal Longfellow has well said:

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to the earth, I knew not where;
For so swifty it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

- "I breathed a song into the air,
 It fell to the earth, I knew not where;
 For who has sight so keen and strong
 That it can follow the flight of song?
- "Long, long afterward, in an oak,
 I found the arrow still unbroke;
 And the song, from beginning to end,
 I found again in the heart of a friend."

The sermons Stiegel preached lived many years afterward, although he was a simple layman without a theological education. I do not mean that the Lord puts a premium on ignorance, or that a man needs no theological learning; but I do mean that we cannot measure the preacher's success by his learning. If the heart of the religious teacher is not in his work, whether he be in the home, in the Sunday school, or in the pulpit, although his rhetoric be perfect and the knowledge of his subject most thorough, he may dazzle by his brilliancy, but he will win few to a godly life. Nothing can be more beautiful than the illuminated ice palace. The light that is reflected from buttress and pillar may dazzle, but it can never warm.

We have said that Stiegel's sermons continued to do good after the voice of the preacher was hushed. It has always been thus. The mightiest results of the Reformation appear to-day, three hundred and fifty-five years after the great Reformer's death. One day a young boy planted a few violets in a corner of the garden adjacent to his home. Soon afterward he went to live many miles away. Years afterward the farm was abandoned, as are many New England farms; but when the boy, now grown to be a man, returned to see the place of his birth, he found the old house torn down, but the place where the garden had been, and where he had planted the few simple violets, was covered with the sweet flowers. Blessed is that man whose life-work keeps on increasing in power and good results long after he is gone.

Stiegel did not long continue the pastor of the Brickerville charge. An ordained minister came and took his place, but who can tell whether the whole of Stiegel's previous life was not a preparation for those few years of service. The period of work for some lives is very short, but the results of that work are lasting as eternity. Some men in the providence of God spend many years in preparation for a work which engages them only a few months or a few years, but generations reap the results of their labor. Sometimes a single act of a man's life immortalizes him; but it required years of preparation before he was fitted for the one great act, or the world prepared to profit thereby.

During all the time of Stiegel's residence in the parsonage Nawadaha visited him but twice. She gave as her excuse that both he and she were now busy and well employed, and did not need each other as they once did. The frugal housekeeper lays by that which he may need some time, so it is well to realize that there is laid by a reserve of friendship and help which can be drawn upon whenever it is needed. These two lives were interested in each other. Their affection for one another was such as will finally exist in that world where "they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God." It is true it was not as pure, as heavenly, but it partook of the nature of that affection which exists between the saints perfected in light. For Nawadaha it was purely a disinterested friendship. It had in it an element of gratitude; and that strange affinity which comes to two hearts because of the love and friendship they both had for a third person. Stiegel always looked upon Nawadaha as his strongest earthly refuge. knew that so long as Nawadaha's heart beat, so long he had at least one soul to which he could turn in time of trouble. Blessed is that man who has such a friend.

We leave Stiegel still at work in his parish; but, as we have said, the time for a great change is rapidly

approaching. Stiegel realizes this, and he looks into the future with some degree of apprehension; but he trusts Him who has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

CHAPTER XXV.

REVERSES.

ISRAEL'S wisest king has said: "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him." This is true, because conceit is like a coat of mail round about its unhappy victim. It prevents the gentle touch of the caressing hand of a friend, and the sharp but often salutary stroke of an enemy, to reach the man who is enveloped therein. Fritz, ever since he had been making money and had become the proud possessor of his enemy's wealth, was encased in so strong a selfesteem that neither friend nor foe could tell him of his faults nor do anything to correct them. He believed that because fortune was once his handmaid she would ever be his mistress. For a time he seemed to be absolutely correct, for he seemed to have in his hand a magic wand which had the power to transform common clay to gold; but when Stiegel became the pastor at Brickerville, Fritz had a series of reverses. It is the province of this chapter to record some of these.

The first of these reverses came to him the very Christmas eve upon which Stiegel came out of jail. His store, in what is now Pittsburg, was well stocked with goods received from the Indians by the traders who were in the employ of himself and two brothers. He had also received a whole schooner's load of beads, firearms, cloth, and whatnot, which he was in the habit of selling to the Indians at an enormous profit. On the Christmas eve referred to, his store caught fire and all therein was consumed in the flames. For a time there was great danger that the fire would spread to the warehouse in which the greater part of his imports were stored. Had this been the case, Fritz and his two brothers would have been hopelessly ruined. Fritz did not receive the news of this disaster until a week after it occurred. It was then that the wings of his self-conceit with which he had soared so high were in danger of melting and casting him helplessly and hopelessly to earth; but it was only for a moment. He soon recovered himself and was as confident as ever. He believed that his losses could be readily retrieved, and, by his good management, his wares be sold at a higher profit.

A few days after the news of the fire he was considerably alarmed to hear that Stiegel had no good title to the property which he had taken from him.

The whole of the vast estates belonged to the heirs of William Penn, it was said, and the time had now come in which they would make good their claim; but this proved to be a man of straw. It was shown, at little expense, that the title was secure enough.

But now that fortune had become fickle there was no end to her pranks. He had boasted for years how very strong he had always been physically. During the worry of the events just mentioned his system lost its power to combat disease. A heavy cold contracted at this time sent him to bed and kept him there during many weeks. Like all men of his kind, Fritz had become very stingy with every dollar he gained; but now that he was in danger of becoming an invalid, he realized that gold spent for the regaining of health was well invested. He had the best medical attention from Philadelphia. It cost him a great many dollars; but at length he became better, and perhaps he appreciated his returning health more than ever before, for it is true that sleep, riches, and health are only truly enjoyed after they have been interrupted for a season.

In the days of his sickness his proud heart was as obstinate as ever. He offered no petition to Him who holds our life in His hand; and when he became strong and well, he did not recognize the mercy of his heavenly Father in his returned health.

He was as conceited in matters of religion as in everything else. He was better, he argued, than those who sang psalms and murmured prayers. "Some people need to be constantly praying; but men who always did right need no Christ." So he said, and so he believed, but those who knew him best realized that he was decidedly in need of a Saviour to deliver him from his conceited, evil self. Because he was rich, many called him honorable, and many waited for his smile, but few ever received it. The world pointed to the fields stretching far and wide that were his, and talked about the silver and gold that he had gathered. Fritz knew what the world said of him, and the secret language of his heart was, "By my wisdom have I gotten all this." He returned no thanks to God, and often in his heart he doubted His existence. For years he had felt that he did not need God, and so he lived unto himself, for himself.

The snows had melted, except on the summit of the hills. The warm sunshine was causing the grass to put on the more life-like hue of green. The trailing arbutus was budding into its richest bloom and scenting the atmosphere with the promise of coming spring. Fritz always persuaded himself that he was a lover of nature; although it is a question whether a man so thoroughly in love with himself could take delight in nature or anything that did not directly pay tribute to him. He determined to walk into the forest with his dog, and enjoy the fresh resinous odor of the pines. He felt strong enough to go about as was his custom.

He always went alone, even when he took long trips. He said he needed no cannon to herald his coming, as he never was and never cared to be a baron. True worth needed no cannon to make itself known, and, as for outriders and guards, honest men needed them not, and rogues they could never protect. So, as was his custom, he went alone on this trip. His dog scented a fox, and was soon far in advance; but, by and by, Fritz noticed that the fox, or whatever animal he had been pursuing, had taken refuge somewhere, for the dog's howls and barks came from one spot. Although the place indicated was some distance away, Fritz determined to visit it. After half an hour's brisk walk he reached a hillock, the principal part of which consisted of a pile of rocks. A hole, not large enough for the dog to enter, showed that some wild animal had evidently made the cave in the rocks its lair. As Fritz stood looking into the hole and trying to determine what animal could be within, he heard a low mournful cry, as of someone in distress, at some distance from the lair in the rocks. Fritz had been a backwoodsman too long to be ignorant of that cry. He knew in an instant that it was the angry cry of a panther. He knew, too, that he was unarmed with the exception of a long hunting-knife. He therefore thought it best to escape while the infuriated animal was still at some distance. Calling his dog, he was about to move away; but the dog was unwilling to come, evidently not hearing, or, at least, paying no attention to the cries which were coming nearer and nearer.

Whilst he was thus urging his dog to abandon his hunt for the animal in the rocks, he heard the shaking of the branches of the great trees not fifty feet away. At the same time the low mournful cry was changed into a shriek which made Fritz's blood run cold. The dog at once turned, and, trembling violently from head to foot, his hair standing erect, ran to his master. There he took a position in front of him, and began to growl and watch the shaking of the branches as the huge panther, for such it was, jumped to the tree standing nearest the entrance to the lair. The truth flashed upon Fritz in an instant. The lair contained the panther's kittens, and the infuriated animal would, in all probability, pursue those who had thus so insolently come to her home. Before he could determine

what he had best do, there was another terrifying scream, and a dark body with distended claws bounded out of the branches of the tree and threw itself upon Fritz's dog. There was a brief struggle, during which Fritz tried to get as far away as possible, leaving his brave dog to its fate. He had gone only a few steps before all was over with the unselfish dog. Quite unexpectedly, the panther had again mounted the trees and was jumping from one to another in hot pursuit of Fritz, who was now thoroughly frightened by what was happening, and utterly exhausted by his run. He stood still, awaiting the attack of the enraged animal, determined to plunge his hunting knife into its heart. He had not long to wait. Very soon the animal was glaring at him from the branch of a near-by tree, at the same time furiously lashing its sides with its tail and emitting the most terrifying cries. In another moment it leaped high in the air, but fell pierced with a rifle-ball which had entered its heart during the instant that its body was shooting through the air.

Fritz was so terrified that he did not hear the shot from his deliverer's gun, but, at the same time that the panther fell to the ground, the man who had so often boasted of his courage, and who, we will admit, had been in many dangerous places be-

fore, tottered to a near-by tree and leaned heavily against it. This conduct on the part of Fritz was partly owing to his exhausted condition, resulting from his long illness, and partly from the cowardice of his nature. It is true, the fact that he was inefficiently armed was enough to strike terror to the heart of any man in the presence of so terrible a foe.

By the time that Fritz had recovered his self-possession, the man who had shot the panther stood before him. We can readily imagine the surprise of both when they recognized one another; for Fritz's deliverer was none other than Stiegel. The Baron had attended a funeral in the hills and was returning on horseback along the narrow mountain road. He had heard the cry of the panther, and, when he came into the clearing, he saw the infuriated animal leap from the tree upon the poor dog. He had been in the forest so often that he knew the dangers of going without a rifle, even though he went to perform the last sad rites for a parishioner.

Stiegel was the first to speak. He said: "I am glad that I arrived in time, for so enraged an animal as this would have been more than a match for you and your knife." Fritz said that, whilst he was grateful to Stiegel, he felt that he would have been victor, even though it had been at the expense of some blood. But Stiegel knew Fritz better than

he knew himself; for he plainly saw that he was not only terrified, but actually exhausted; so he passed his bravado without making a direct reply, but answered it in part by offering the horse upon which he had ridden to Fritz. He said he had heard of Fritz's long illness and was surprised to see him in the forest all alone, so early in the season.

Fritz in part resented his kind interest in him by telling him that his habits of life had been such, and he had been sick so seldom, that he was convalescing very rapidly. He could not think of accepting Stiegel's horse to ride back to the Furnaces. So Stiegel mounted his animal himself, and, at first, rode no faster than Fritz walked; but when he noticed a reluctance on the part of Fritz to accompany him, he left him to himself and rode away.

Fritz arrived at his boarding place after dark, and after everyone in the house had become anxious about him. He ate a scant supper and retired, greatly the worse for his afternoon's experiences. We may say that the effect of his encounter with the panther did much to shatter his nervous system, which had already been weakened by his long illness.

Stiegel went home greatly pleased that he had been able to heap coals of fire upon his enemy's head. He believed that he had saved Fritz's life. He felt that even if it had been true that, as Fritz asserted, he had caused the condemnation of the latter because of the testimony he bore in his youth, in court, he had now paid the debt, if debt it had been, by delivering Fritz from the panther's fangs. Stiegel waited some days for the appearance of Fritz at the Furnaces, and, when he did not appear, he made up his mind to call on him; for he felt that, as a minister of the Gospel, he must show Fritz that he bore him no ill will. So, one sunny afternoon in April, he went to Fritz's boarding place and asked the landlady to carry his card to Fritz, who was sitting in an adjacent room to the one into which Stiegel had entered. Fritz returned the card, saying that he was not in the mood to entertain, and business he did not care to have with a man of Stiegel's standing. We need not say that the Baron was deeply wounded. He believed that he had done his duty, and from henceforth he resolved not to trouble him. To this resolve he rigidly adhered.

It may be necessary to say that Fritz still lived in Lancaster, and, when he came to the Furnaces, he boarded with the superintendent. When he became convalescent, he made up his mind that he would regain his health more quickly by coming to the country than by remaining in town. This ac-

counts for his long stay at the Furnaces at this time.

I do not know that Stiegel would have felt sad had he known, the day he saved the life of Fritz, that he would behold his face no more; and yet there is a sadness which gathers around all things final. There is not a sunset that is not fraught with solemn lessons to the thoughtful. I am sure that Stiegel would have asked himself that day, had he known it to be his last meeting with Fritz, whether he had really done all things for the man he could.

Stiegel could never have taken Fritz into his friendship. We have learned too much already concerning the two men to need any argument to convince us of the truth of that matter. It is not expected that all men are to be equally dear to us or equally esteemed by us. Our Lord does not mean that when He says: "Love your enemies." He does not substitute a vague principle of universal love in the room of those special affections which arise either out of similarity in temperament or from special kindnesses shown. He does, however, forbid hatred altogether, no matter what causes there may be to provoke it. As a follower of his Master, Stiegel could not hate Fritz, any more than he could have left him to his fate that

day he saw him in danger. It is in a sense natural to hate our enemies; but it is natural because our better nature is perverted by the presence of sin.

One of the saddest reflections that can come to us is that which is forced upon us when we see members of the same church, both professing to be on their way to heaven, yet unwilling to speak to each other. How can there be heaven for two such people who can never be willing to show even common courtesy in this world? In the heart of every true child of God there is that pitying, yearning, compassionate love which does good to all and which strives to make all better. When two persons absolutely refuse to speak to each other, it is a proof that they do not have an iota of the love of their heavenly Father and are, therefore, none of His. The Christian does not hate even the enemies of God. He does hate their evil deeds, but not the persons themselves.

We have seen that Fritz had his reverses, but none of his losses—the loss of any part of his wealth, the loss of his health—was so serious as the loss of his opportunities to be reconciled to the man he hated, and hated without cause. Hate must at some time become self-punishment; for has not Christ said: "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

passes?" An unforgiving heart is, in the sight of God, meet for the kingdom of darkness. A soul needs no other sin to keep it out of the kingdom of heaven so long as it remains guilty of this one. We trust that everyone of our readers may take this truth to heart, for the unforgiving heart is, alas, so common.

CHAPTER XXVI.

VICTORY.

AFTER Stiegel had occupied the important office of pastor for two years the people at Brickerville received their ordained preacher, and the Baron, in consequence, was without a field of labor. But it was not long before a new position was offered him. We have already spoken of the tower which the Baron had erected at Schaefferstown, in his more prosperous days. When he lost his place as pastor the tower was not used for any purpose, and, as there was no parochial school in the village, Stiegel rented the disused building and started a school in it.

There is, perhaps, no higher position than that of the true teacher. We are safe in saying that there is no higher office in all the world, for the pastor and preacher are both teachers. So Stiegel was still a preacher because he was a teacher, but henceforth he was to confine his teaching to more receptive minds. There is no time like youth for the acquisition of knowledge, nor is there a time

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when one must be more careful what is taught, because that which is learned in youth cannot be unlearned in a whole lifetime. Those people who say that a child is not ready to be taught religion, simply because it cannot discern good from evil and does not apprehend the truth of what is taught, have patented one of the worst lies that the devil has ever invented, and have been the ruin of many immortal souls. The teacher is very much like the switchman who holds the switches on the railroad: if he understands his work and does his duty faithfully, all will be well; but if he neglects it, many precious lives will be lost.

In those days the text books in the school were the Bible as reading book, the speller, and the arithmetic. The pastor taught the Catechism generally, but now and then the duty devolved upon the school-teacher. It is a question whether we have improved very much by our substitution of text books in reading. Some of the sublimest thoughts which can stimulate the intellect are contained in the Bible, and, when read aright, they give as much drill in elocution as that offered by our readers of to-day. It is remarkable how our reading matter in the school readers has degenerated in the last fifty years. The moral and religious sentiment which pervaded those books years ago has now

largely disappeared. In this respect Stiegel had the advantage over our modern teachers. Nor could only certain portions of the Bible be read, as is the case now in some States of the Union. The infidelic sentiment prevails to such an extent, or there are Roman Catholics, or Jews, that, if the Bible is read at all, it must be confined to the Psalms of David.

Stiegel taught in the tower for some months, and managed to make enough to supply all his wants and pay off his floating indebtedness besides. The fact that he was at last free from debt contributed more to his happiness than all else. He felt better and freer from care in those days than when he was the possessor of the large fortune which we saw so ruthlessly swept from his hands. He now knew the meaning of the text, "Godliness with contentment is great gain."

After awhile Stiegel heard that there was a better opening for a teacher in a village about ten miles away, than in the place he had been conducting his school. He determined to remove thither, and, if possible, add to his work branches that were not generally taught in the schools of those days. Whilst a resident in Berks County, to which he went after leaving Schaefferstown, he taught music and the higher branches of mathematics. He

always had pupils in the more advanced branches of mathematics.

The pleasure he derived from teaching music was far in excess of his gains in money. The sweetest music is not the peal of the marriage bells, nor the harmony that comes from the most costly piano, nor the trumpet tones of victory. The sweetest music is the strain which evokes the best and tenderest emotions in the human soul. Such being the case, Stiegel could discern melodies in the crude attainments of his pupils which others who heard them did not catch. The simplest strains filled his soul with tender memories, and, therefore, evoked the nobler and better nature which he now so assiduously cultivated. In those days Stiegel played his violin constantly; nor were they the light airs, even then so popular, that he loved to evoke from his instrument. The sublimer and more pathetic strains, so in accord with his feelings, were those which he loved to play. His soul seemed to catch the very thoughts which were in the minds of the authors who wrote the music. To him it seemed as if the old masters came back out of the eternal world to which they had long gone and showed themselves to him in all the greatness of their spiritual life, in and through the music he played.

Plato says, "Can a man help imitating that with

which he holds converse?" So, because of his converse, Stiegel became more refined and more spiritual day by day. It is true that "Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gayety and life to everything. It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just, and beautiful."

This art, this acquisition, which Stiegel made in the days of his youth, when the practice often became a burden rather than a delight, was now the charm of his life, both for himself and for those around him. If he had dwelt in a forest far from human habitation, and the world could have heard the strains which floated from his violin, it would have worn a path over rocks and through hedges to his door; because the world loves music. It will be one of the delights of heaven, and its absence in the world of the lost one of the direst punishments of hell.

Stiegel now also knew how blessed it is to learn to do something in youth which will be a charm and a help to others. He had not believed in his youth, when he dwelt in the lap of luxury and ease, that his ability to play would ever be a profit in so many ways in his after-life. If youth would only realize the importance of learning to do something

which will make life truly useful, there would not be so many wrecks on life's sea, so many useless beggars living on the charity of those who make good use of time and talent.

Stiegel was now an old man. He had entered the jail at Lancaster, more than five years ago, a comparatively young man; he had emerged from his place of confinement spiritually richer and purer, but physically old and impoverished. The stoop he acquired within those walls, as, with folded hands behind his back, he walked pensively to and fro, or huddled before the fire, had settled permanently upon his shoulders. The load he carried in those days upon his heart left its impress upon his manly shoulders, and pressed them forward toward the grave. For this reason Stiegel was now an old man, although he was not far beyond the meridian of his life. The world had more use for old men in those days than now. It realized that wisdom comes with experience. Whilst knowledge may be the adornment of youth, wisdom comes from experience, and experience comes with years. If Stiegel had had the energy and physical power he once possessed, his years would not have been an element of hindrance and disqualification in his work, as is so often the case in our day.

Stiegel was not surprised nor saddened by the

knowledge that his physical powers were waning. He knew that the time for his departure would certainly come at some day and hour, and he knew that, trusting in God, it would be the best day and hour. He knew that death for the believer is only the beginning of a new and a fuller life, or, rather, it is the taking away of the hindrances which kept the life imparted by the Spirit from developing in its God-given powers.

It was about this time that Stiegel heard that his old enemy, Fritz, was no more. For more than two years he had been an invalid. The malady which he had contracted before Stiegel delivered him from the panther was of a slow but most deadly kind. God in His goodness had given him a long time for repentance, but he had so hardened his heart that he never uttered a prayer for forgiveness or realized that he was a sinner. He had had every opportunity for knowing the error of his ways and for turning to the Lord, but he had resisted to the last.

It is true, he said, he was as good as anyone else, but he showed by his life that he did not know his depraved nature. His life yielded none of the fruits of the Spirit, which, the apostle says, are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, and temperance."

When at last he realized that he must die, he requested that no clergyman officiate at his funeral; but when told by his brothers that this wish could not be granted, he asked that the service be brief as possible. When asked whether he did not wish anyone to pray for him, now that he must die, he said he did not know that he had injured anyone; he had never taken anything that did not belong to him, and that he had simply defended his own rights, years before, when he slew a man. Thus he tried to lull to sleep the little conscience that he still possessed, and so he went into eternity.

His wealth, which became a golden shackle whereby his soul was bound the more firmly to earth, had done him no little harm. Instead of being a blessing, it became a curse. Like the man in the parable who had received one pound, he had hid his Lord's money in the earth of his own selfish nature. He had made no will, and so all his property became the possession of his two brothers. It is not in the province of this story to follow their lives to the close; but it can be said that they were better men and improved their opportunities, even though they did not get the highest good from their possessions, simply because they did not use them for the greatest good of the greatest number.

We cannot say that Stiegel would have attended

the funeral of the man who might have befriended him in the hour of adversity, but who chose rather to destroy him; but we do know that Stiegel, when he heard that Fritz was dead and buried, thought long and seriously of the life that had gone out. He asked himself whether he had done all he could to rescue Fritz from his peril. He admitted to himself that he had not; but it was now too late to spend any time in vain regrets.

There are many of us who, like Stiegel, have those about us whom we know can never enter heaven, in their impenitence and hardness of heart; but we excuse ourselves from doing anything to deliver them from themselves, until we hear that the brittle thread which bound them to earth has been snapped, and then we spend more time in vain regrets than we ever spent in prayer for their conversion. I am afraid that God will require the blood of some of the souls that go down to eternal death from the hands of some of His professed followers. Is it that we have lost faith in the Word of God? Do we believe that the punishment of the wicked will, after all, not be as long or as severe as the Bible asserts? There are very many of Christ's professed followers who say they believe the Bible, but their daily conduct toward the impenitent belies the profession of their faith.

Stiegel still kept on with his work. The leaves began to put on the brighter hues, which, like the flushed cheek of the consumptive, indicate death rather than life. By and by they drifted, brown and seered, at the mercy of the bitter autumn winds, and Stiegel somehow realized that before nature would again bud into newness of life he would be swept into another world; even as the leaves which were driven before the wintry winds were gathered into heaps to decay and be no more, so he would soon be with the countless generations that had gone before.

During the hazy days of Indian summer, when the warmth of the longer and sunnier days lingers for a moment, as it were, to bid adieu to the earth before it must give place to the rigors of king winter, Stiegel received a visitor at the little log schoolhouse where he was dispensing knowledge to the youths of the community. This visitor was more welcome than anyone else in all the world could have been. The reader can guess who the visitor was—Nawadaha—the woman who, aside from his mother, had always been the most devoted friend of Stiegel's life.

Nawadaha had been on a visit to her friends, the girls who had shared her captivity among the Indians. Ten years had passed away and they had

not seen each other. Occasionaly the stage brought a letter, telling something of the life each was living. Letters only partially represent their authors, who are always greater or smaller than the epistles they send. Letters are like windows in a house: they allow the outside world to look in upon the home life of those within, but, at best, the vision is imperfect because indistinct. So with letters, they allow the reader to see something of the soul that lives in and behind them, but the view at best is only partial. They always suggest more than they express. So it was with the letters which passed, and seldom passed, between the females who for so many months had been so closely associated. It was therefore a treat for two of these women to see each other face to face, and in memory together live over some of the days and scenes which they had seen in all their stern realities, when it was doubtful whether they would ever see their best friends again.

We have said that two of these women looked into each other's faces. We have spoken the truth, for the third had given her heart to a wild Indian chieftain during the days of her captivity, and so she pined for the mate in the forest, the man who held the destinies of her life. She was a good illustration of the power of surroundings in early life

overcoming and leading captive the powers of heredity. After the first few months of home life in civilization, the younger of the sisters realized that she could not be happy even in the presence of the tender love of her mother and sister. She began to pine for the wild, free life of the forest. After a time she received the consent to join a body of traders who were going to what was then the far West. Her mother knew some of those traders, and was assured that her daughter would be safe in their company. They gave her their word that they would bring her daughter back if, when she once more saw the reality of the life of privation she had been compelled to live, she was willing to go back. Hardships are like dark clouds at sunset, they may take upon them a rosy hue because of the indistinct light and at the distance at which we behold them. When they were right around and above us they were only dull, dark clouds for whose departure we were grateful; but now that the fading light of the sun is pillowed upon them they borrow attractiveness they never possessed. So even our greatest hardships take upon them a roseate hue when they are long past.

But the maiden who left her home in the East, after many days of travel and not a few hardships, found her lover. It is said the Indian never forgets a kindness any more than he forgives an injury. When he loves, he loves as loyally as the most devoted of his pale-faced brethren. Whether this is really so, I am not able to tell, but I do know that this maiden's lover remained true to her all the months of their separation. He believed the word of her promise, that some time, if alive, they would meet again. So we leave her, joined to her dusky lover. Whether she succeeded in making his heart more tender toward the pale-faces is not in the province of this narrative to state.

The visit of Nawadaha to the sister who had been too far advanced in life to ever forget the ways of civilized men and women, and who in consequence cared no more to return to the hardships of life in the forest, was on the occasion of her marriage to a man whom as a boy she had learned to love. Though Nawadaha always felt sad when she attended a wedding, because it reminded her of the happy, sunny days when she, too, was a bride, she did go to see her friend at the time when she was to join her life inseparably to the man of her choice. Her own life was at best a lonely journey to the better land, where she felt assured she would meet the one for whom her heart yearned. Though her life was tender and her thoughts mellowed by the sad experiences of her youth, her yearnings were

heavenward, where she believed she would again take up the warp and woof that death had so ruthlessly severed.

We cannot dwell upon the pleasant experiences of that visit made to the friend of her captivity; but she was made intensely happy by the message which came to her from the old Indian chieftain whom she had once nursed in a fever, and whom she had led to Christ, the man who had said at her departure from captivity: "Daughter of the paleface, child of my heart, I leave you. In the faraway land of the Great Spirit I will again greet you. Your Saviour has become my Saviour, for you told me that He died for the sins of the Redman also." He sent her a message, which she received during the days of her sojourn with her friend. It was, "Tell Nawadaha I die with the assurance that the Saviour of the pale-face is the Redman's Saviour also."

Nawadaha felt that, after all, her captivity was arranged by Providence so that out of the depth of the forest there might come to the crown of her rejoicing one bright jewel as a diamond dug from the deepest mines of earth. Christ said that one soul is worth more than the whole world. Nawadaha had therefore gained more in the winning of that one soul than if she

had become rich in this world's goods, as Fritz had become.

After Nawadaha had spent some weeks with her friend she started on her home journey, having determined to visit Stiegel on the way. We have already seen that she arrived at his little school-house and received a warm welcome. She spent the remainder of the day, when Stiegel was not engaged in school work, in conversation with the Baron. We have in every instance in our acquaintance with this woman seen the greatness of her character. This nobility of soul was never more manifest to Stiegel than at this time. All his conversation with her showed her to have profited with each experience in all her varied life. As the pebble that is rolled helplessly along at the bottom of the stream becomes rounded and a thing of beauty by the very rough usage which it endures without ever partaking of the nature of the rocks or the waters over which and through which it passes, so this woman had become morally and spiritually better by the very experiences which destroy other lives.

In looking back over our lives we often find that some of the experiences which we at the time so much dreaded, and considered the most hopeless and barren, were in reality the very best. They developed powers within us that we were not even conscious of possessing, and energies of which we had never dreamed. So it had been in the life of this woman.

Long they talked of the true hearts they had loved, and in the efforts to follow those lives into the unseen and eternal they seemed to catch glimpses of the unseen world and to hear snatches of its music. But this visit did more for them; for it revealed each to the other, so that they knew each other better and felt surer of one another. In this life few people can really know us. Just as the traveler who paces the strand cannot know the majesty and sublimity of the ocean from the spray that dashes at his feet, or from the waters that are fringed all too soon by the horizon, so most of those whom we call our friends see us at our worst or perchance at our best; but those who live with us day by day know the sublimity or the shallowness of our nature.

Nawadaha spent two days in the society of Stiegel. For the greater part of that time the snow fell, not constantly, but in squalls, and now and then as if all the gray clouds were emptying, dissolving into fleecy flakes. When at last it cleared and the sun winked from ten thousand prisms of ice, our heroine started on her journey to the city of Lancaster. The leaves, which had fallen before

she started on her visit, were now buried beneath the pure white, and the ferns, which had nodded along the forest road at her as she went, were now tucked beneath their white coverlets, soft and warm. Nawadaha realized the change from autumn to winter; and she wondered whether the season itself was not a prophecy of what might come to the life of the old man she had left in the little log school-house. Might not his life, which had been the sport of austere fortune for years, disappear from the earth before the blossoms would again come?

The day after she left Stiegel, Nawadaha was in the old place behind the counter, weighing out herbs and drugs, with which she was becoming more and more familiar every day, and with the efficacy of which she did much to relieve her customers from suffering. "Nothing," says Voltaire, "is more estimable than a physician who, having studied nature from his youth, knows the properties of the human body, the diseases which assail it, the remedies which will benefit it, exercises his art with caution, and pays equal attention to the rich and the poor."

Nawadaha was not a learned physician, but she had become a good nurse, from long practice, and had learned to know the symptoms of disease. In addition to this she had, as we have already said, at her command the whole materia medica of the Indian herb doctor. It is no wonder, therefore, that she became daily more proficient in her art, and more sought after by her neighbors. When she went away, which was seldom, there were always those who regretted to see her go; and when she came back there were always those who rejoiced to see her return.

It is true, those days of her increasing usefulness had their shadows, but they had much cheer and sunshine. Her life now held great privileges, but it also brought her grave responsibilities. What she did she wrought in the spirit of love, and so her burdens did not chafe nor her trials harass. It is true, as Drummond has said, "The moments that stand out in your life, the moments when you have really lived, are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love." Because she did what she did in the spirit of love she lived so rich a life even in the days of her greatest care and heaviest labors.

There are lives which have grown old in the service of their fellows. Sometimes these lives pine for the blessing, they suppose, of absolute rest. They think their lives would yield them much more if they could retire from their burdens and

simply rest. Deluded by this fancy, in a moment of great weariness, they abandon their work and retire; but they soon realize that it was only whilst they were intensely busy that they were really happy. Sometimes such people succeed in getting back into the busy stream of life and labor, and recover their old peace; more frequently they languish along life's highway and then drop into an untimely grave. It is true, some people can play at living all their day and then go into eternity, learning for the first time that they have made a serious failure and incurred irreparable loss. For such, in the end, life is a disappointment.

We must leave Nawadaha in her little store and at the bedside of the sick, and once more turn our attention to the man who is wrestling with the ignorance of young intellects and the growing infirmities of age. The life of a teacher is never a summer day of ease, but rather a day of toil in harvest, which, though rich in fruit, is still a day of toil. Stiegel was compelled several times, before the glad Christmas tide, to close his school and keep in his home, either nursing a cold or a more serious infirmity. When the Christmas holidays came, the time when Stiegel was always busiest, the old school-master, as he was now called, was at his post of duty and of honor. He sang with more

strength and in richer tones than he had done during all the winter. He seemed to enter into the depth of meaning in his song more fully. So the glad season sped along. Stiegel was happy because he felt that he was adding to the happiness of those around him.

When the time came for the opening of the little school, after the New Year had begun, Stiegel was unable to resume his work. For more than two weeks it was hoped by the patrons of the school, as well as by Stiegel himself, that each day would be the last of his illness, and he would be able to resume his work; but at the end of two weeks he suddenly took a turn for the worse, and those who knew him best began now to realize that he had himself learned the last lesson in the school of sorrow, and that he would teach no more. At the end of the third week of his protracted illness, the news came from his home that during the night the last debt, the debt to nature, had been quietly paid by the Baron, and his soul had entered upon its eternal rest. No one had seen him die. He was old and he was comparatively poor, and not with those who had known him for years, so that the watchers at his bedside were always few. It was, therefore, no surprise that he died alone. We say he died alone; but no good man has ever died

alone. God and heaven never for a moment neglect their own. No Christian can die alone. Heaven sends its convoy of angels. It was no wonder, therefore, that the old man, who had so seldom smiled during the days of his labor among comparative strangers, now had a sweet smile fixed upon his pale features. When the good die the glad smile of greeting to heaven's visitants remains upon the features. This was the reason a smile was indelibly fixed on Stiegel's sad and wan features.

Two days after his death he was borne to the hill-side graveyard in the little village in which he had spent the last two years of his eventful life. Though he was poor, and though he had died alone, there were many who came to pay their last respects to their teacher and the organist of the Lutheran Church. All the pupils that he had instructed, whether in music or in the branches of common school work, who could, came and marched next to the coffin. Thus he was borne to his last resting-place by the hands of strangers and without a single friend of his earlier years to do him reverence. There was one sincere friend who would have braved the snow-storms that were just then raging, and have wept at his grave-side, but she did not hear of his death until the snow had covered the fresh earth and concealed the horrid heap.

So died, and thus was buried, the hero of our story. In the sense that the world regards a successful life, Stiegel's life was a failure. No wonder that one of the local historians, who commented on his career, closed his comments by saying: "So gehts dem Mensch" (such is the fate of man). Yet, with it all, who that knows the full, deep meaning of life but will declare that Stiegel's life was truly and in the best sense a successful life? He began life with a fortune, and, for years in his career, he added to that fortune; then, partially because of his own carelessness and partially because of the cupidity of others, he saw that fortune pass from his hands, and himself without power to grasp or stay the waste. Some men, when they lose the earnings of a lifetime, are utterly overcome and drop into an untimely grave, or, what is worse, they lose their reason. Stiegel, as we have seen, did neither.

In addition to the loss of his fortune, he was deprived of that which money cannot buy, the love of a true woman. Just as he had entered upon the full fruition of a life concerning which he had often dreamed, as every youth dreams, all his hopes and dreams are blasted by the icy hand of death. We have learned in these pages how the arrow was withdrawn and how

time could procure no healing salve to the gaping wound.

Not less severe was the last and, perhaps, for his proud nature, the unkindest cut of all, his imprisonment for a period of more than two years. Surely anyone of these three great trials which came to his life would have been sufficient to crush most men. For Stiegel, on the other hand, they accomplished that which in the providence of God they were sent to accomplish. They taught him the vanity of all earthly things, and planted his feet upon the eternal Rock, Christ Jesus.

Thus it was that his Christian character was established. Each new sorrow, after he had once turned to Christ, only made him more firm in his determination not to be defeated in his desire for eternal life. Whilst all that earth can give slipped from his grasp, he himself became more enduring than any work of man. The promise, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved," was pre-eminently his promise. He continued in a lively and steadfast faith through all his afflictions. He never doubted God's love. Though conquered, he was the true conquerer.

Stiegel had laid the foundation of a true historic faith in the catechetical instructions by his own pastor in the Fatherland. He experienced its saving power that awful night he expected death from the hands of savage foes. This faith became his shield with which he was able to quench all the fiery darts which were so assiduously hurled at him during all his life of financial failure and shame. It always helped him in his endeavors to surmount his difficulties and in turning his defeats into victories. To him, as to every true believer, it was "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

His life was the best evidence of what affliction can do in transforming the earthly into the heavenly. For many years it was a mystery, and no one could tell from whence Solomon took the beautiful stone with which he constructed the temple. The mountains round about Jerusalem are all limestone, but it is not pearly white as were the stones in that wonderful temple. One day a missionary's dog chased a wild animal just outside the Damascus Gate. The animal and dog disappeared in the hillside. That same night the missionary and his two sons solved the mystery as to where Solomon received his building stones. They discovered the quarries of Solomon beneath the city of Jerusalem. Away from the light of day, in the heart of the earth, the workmen of that great and wise builder fashioned the stones for the glorious temple. When they were all hewn and polished, they were hoisted from the deep, dark cavern and put into the place prepared for them.

So the heavenly Builder, Christ Jesus, is preparing the stones for the New Jerusalem; or had we not better say He is preparing the glorious inhabitants for that heavenly city, down here on earth. Affliction, trial, and disappointment are the workmen which under God are fashioning the inhabitants for the glorious habitation. So Stiegel was prepared, and so thousands in all the ages have been and will be made ready for the heavenly Jerusalem, which will finally come down from God out of heaven, as a bride prepared for her husband. Since this is the office of affliction, and the Bible assures that it is, why not rejoice that we are counted worthy to endure affliction?

Any circumstance in life which by the help of the Holy Spirit aids one in overcoming the world, the flesh, and the devil, ought not to be regarded a disappointment or a great trial. It ought be hailed as a stepping-stone in the way to the celestial city. You, dear reader, have learned the richest and most profitable lesson of your life when once you have learned that the disappointments and trials of this life are God's messengers to work out for you the exceeding and the enduring glory.

Travelers in the Orient can see the palm lift its head far out in the desert. Sometimes these monarchs of the desert stand round about villages. Sometimes they are found without a clump of grass or any other evidence of life about them. Far and wide there is nothing to be seen save the apparently interminable sands of the mighty desert; and above them the sun glows like a seven-times heated furnace, day by day, and month by month; and yet the palm lifts its green head as if rejoicing in the vigor of its life when all around it is dead. Its large clusters of dates are sweet and juicy. It fulfills the end of its creation under what appears to the untutored the most adverse surroundings, but what are really the best conditions for the maturity of its fruits. The roots of the palm are deeply imbedded in soil far beneath the glowing sands. life is fed by the secret water-courses beneath the burning bosom of the desert.

So Stiegel continued to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, when everything about him seemed to be sapping his very life. But it was these adverse conditions which were the best adapted for the maturing of his spiritual life. The source of his strength, unlike these of the palm, were from above, but to the untutored they were just as hidden. Who, therefore, would assert that his life was a failure?

Life's delights are like the flowers that endure for a day, but fade with the setting of the sun. The world's honors are but a mausoleum in which is the record of forgotten names. Real life is found in Christ and the doing of God's will. Let us make the words of the great apostle to the Gentiles the motto of our lives: "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

THE END.







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